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JANUARY 2013

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5 HONG KONG SUPERSTARS

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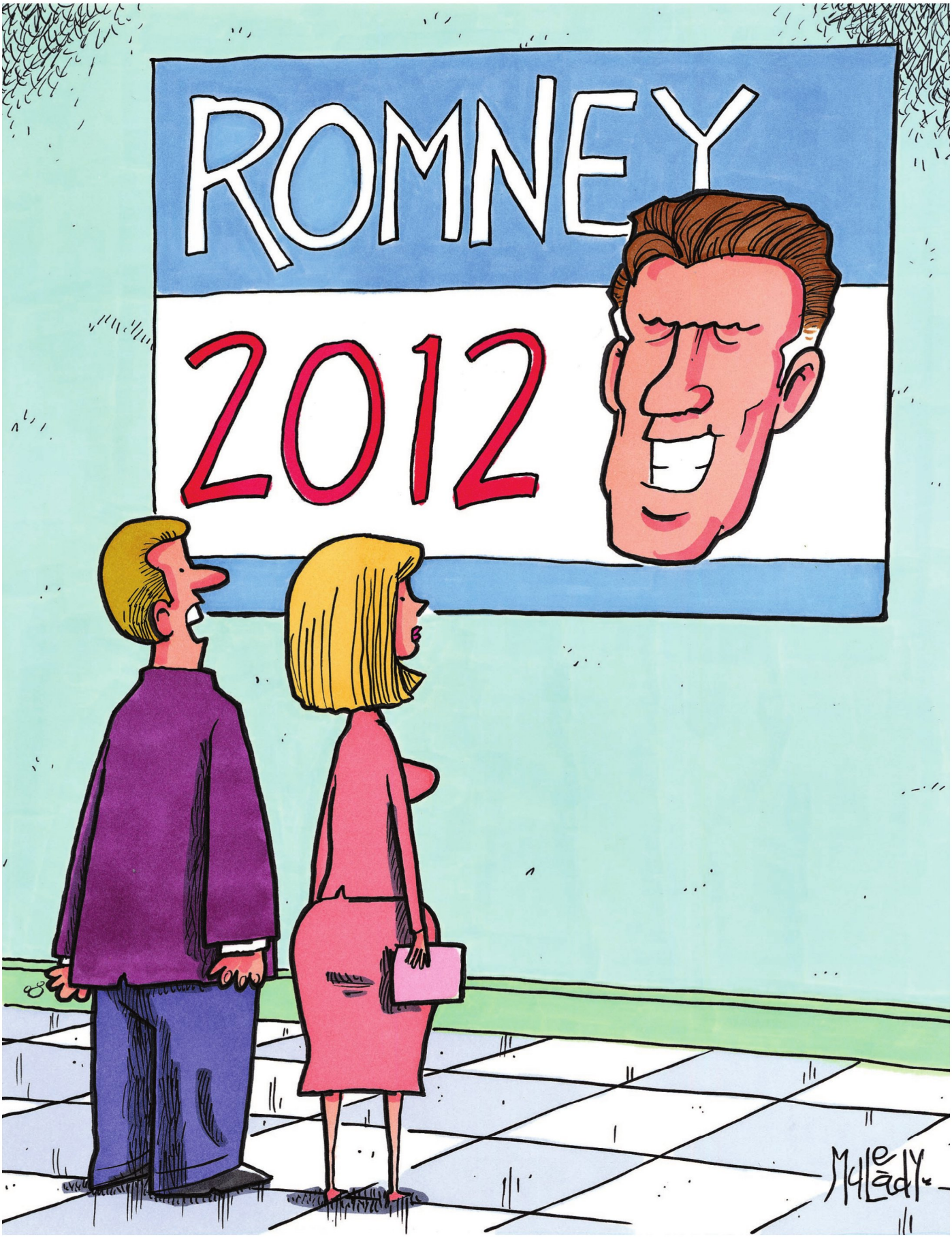

"Bachmann, Cain, Pawlenty, Perry, Santorum, Gingrich—once we picked out the corn, all we were left with was the shit!"

HUSTLER®

LARRY FLYNT'S FLAGSHIP MAGAZINE SINCE 1974

JANUARY 2013 VOLUME 39 NUMBER 7 HustlerMagazine.com

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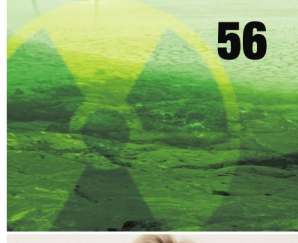

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Cover photo by Ladi von Jansky

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WHY YOU SHOULD VOTE THE DEMOCRATIC TICKET

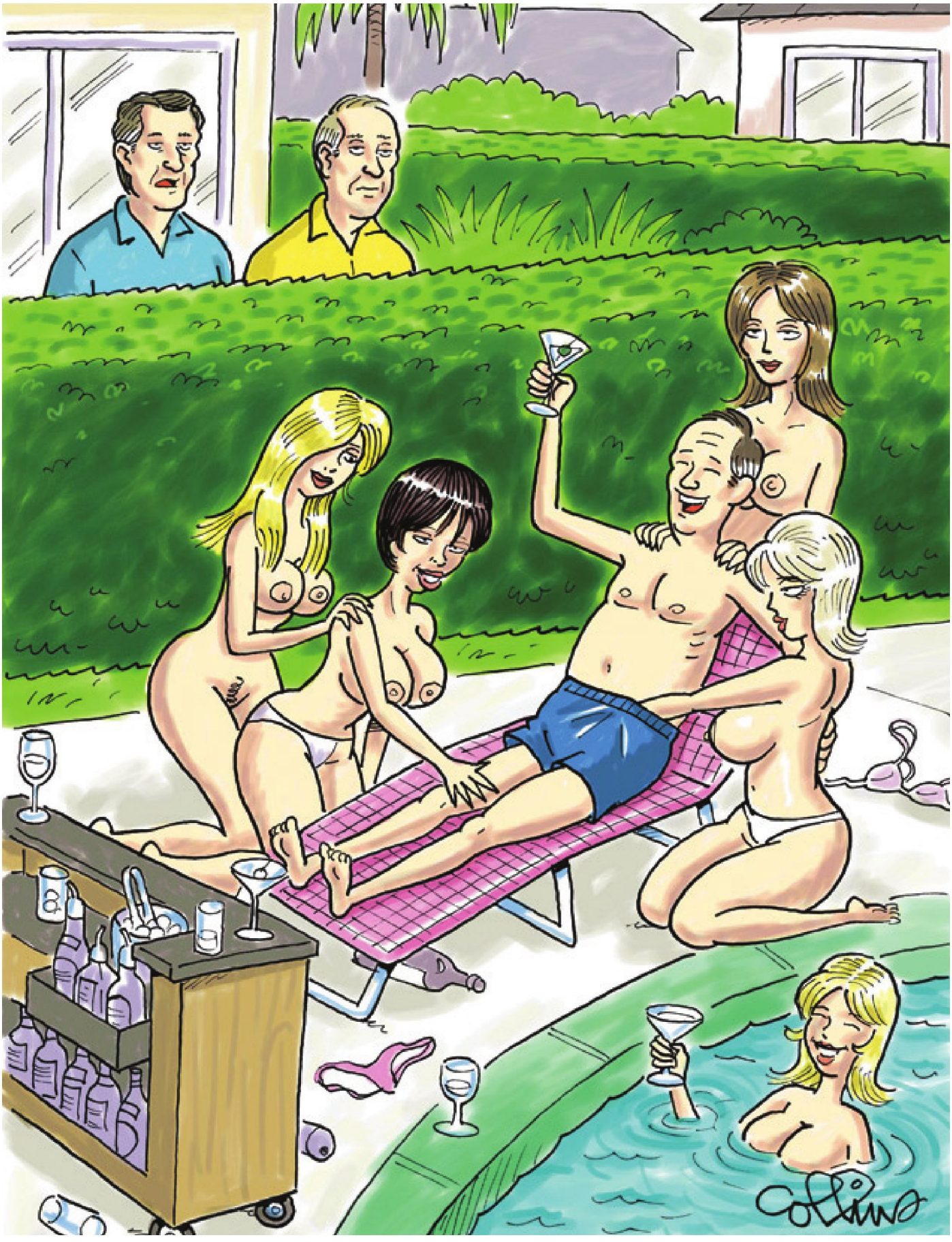
If the Republicans have their way during this election cycle, here's what you will lose:

1. Your job: Assuming that Mitt Romney sticks with the GOP's austerity program—the drastic cutting of government spending—our economy will head back into a recession if not a depression. Want proof of that? Look at the mess Europe is in. Spain, Italy Greece and other countries are imposing the same kind of austerity measures on their citizens the GOP wants to impose on you. Plus the GOP wants to gut your Social Security.

2. Your civil rights: The Republicans are against gay marriage, equal pay for women, collective bargaining, legal abortions and contraceptives, not to mention your right to vote. If you doubt me, Google it.

There's more, of course, but just the foregoing should be enough to convince you to vote straight Democratic this Election Day.

Larry Flynt
Publisher



"Since his wife died, he's gone through the five stages of grief—sadness, denial, acceptance, booze and hookers."

SELLING OUT TO BIG BROTHER

A CONGRESSIONAL PANEL LOOKS INTO CELLPHONE CARRIERS' WHOLESALE SHARING OF USER INFORMATION.

The most sacred principle of American life, honored in our Constitution and throughout our history, is that of privacy—or as Larry Flynt puts it, "the right to be left alone." But thanks to the information revolution, the government's assault on privacy is now more pervasive, though largely invisible, than ever under any preexisting totalitarian government.

The tools of intrusion are so varied—beginning with Google searches and Facebook "likes" and extending to cellphone-position locators—that a full accounting of the post-wiretap-era intrusion is not possible. But recent data on just one of the snooping techniques involving cellphones mocks the relatively minuscule power of any previous fascist or communist government to spy on its citizens.

Wiretapping of the kind you witnessed in old movies, with cops next door listening in on calls, is a thing of the past in the day of the cellphone. In 2011 that only happened 2,732 times, partially because of the inconvenience of needing a strictly governed court order and a surveillance outpost. Why worry about such legal niceties and the technical difficulty of a wiretap when law-enforcement officials can now request a data dump from a tower that happens to link the phone of a single suspect while receiving thousands of other folks' information. All for the paltry cost of between $50 to $75 an hour they pay the obliging telecom company for the surveillance service.

Because all of this surveillance has been conducted under the cloak of deepest government secrecy, there is no serious accountability as to why our right to privacy is being trampled upon so cavalierly.

Unbounded by the strict restraints that used to govern telephone wiretaps of old, today's high-tech telecommunication companies are required by law to cooperate with all federal and state surveillance requests. We know just how pervasive that snooping through cellphone data is thanks to Representative Edward J. Markey (D-Massachusetts), co-chair of the Bipartisan Congressional Privacy Caucus, who released the government's report to the *New York Times*.

"In the first public accounting of its kind," the *Times* stated, "cellphone carriers reported that they responded to a startling 1.3 million demands for subscriber information last year [2011] from law-enforcement agencies seeking text messages, caller locations and other information in the course of investigations."

Because all of this surveillance has been conducted under the cloak of deepest government secrecy, there is no serious accountability as to why our right to privacy is being trampled upon so cavalierly. Indeed, as the Congressional report indicates, millions of us who are not even the target of any investigation are swept up in this surveillance. It's more convenient for government snoops to make massive data dumps from cell towers, sweeping up all users in their wake rather than just isolating the person or persons suspected of malfeasance. Nor do the previous restraints on wiretapping that required a court order apply to these broad sweeps, which are clearly in violation of our Bill of Rights protections of individual freedom from arbitrary government intrusion.

That cellphone data can tell investigators everything about the life of unsuspecting and unsuspected citizens, from the food they order to the magazines and books they buy—not to mention all of their physical movements. The total totalitarian experience is now eminently affordable.

Technically cellphone carriers are required by federal law to obtain a search warrant, a subpoena or a court order, but that is easily violated in the broad scope of data dumps. In the case of the most rapidly growing intrusion into people's personal lives, the use of GPS-generated data, there seems to be next to nothing in the way of legal restraint.

And, of course—as the George W. Bush administration established in its manic pursuit of terrorists—any claim that national security is involved gives government agencies full-throated permission to break down the walls around one's private existence. When telecom companies were sued for cooperating on a massive level with the Bush government in wantonly reading the data of millions of Americans, Congress granted them immunity from lawsuits.

Sprint, the third-largest cellphone carrier, reported that it honors 1,500 data requests a day from federal, state and local police agencies. And since Sprint—like its counterparts—is paid for those searches, company officials are hardly inclined to complain on behalf of their customers, who might not want all of their data turned over.

The leading cellphone carriers have gone along with few complaints. As an AT&T subscriber, I was not thrilled to learn that law-enforcement agencies paid "my" phone company $8.3 million in 2011 to turn over subscriber data. A few of the smaller carriers have resisted. TracFone informed Representative Markey that the company "shares your concerns regarding the unauthorized tracking of wireless phones by law enforcement with little or no judicial oversight, and I assure you that TracFone does not participate in or condone such unauthorized tracking."

Shouldn't we all demand our cellphone carriers to endorse that Constitutionally protected standard our government has ruthlessly chosen to shred?

Before serving almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of *Ramparts* magazine. Now editor of **TruthDig.com**, Scheer has written such hard-hitting books as *The Pornography of Power: How Defense Hawks Hijacked 9/11 and Weakened America* and his latest, *The Great American Stick-Up: Greedy Bankers and the Politicians Who Love Them.*

"Buy me this car, Dad, or someday I'll jerk off a Republican on your grave!"

MILITARY'S INVASION OF PRIVACY

A PENTAGON DIRECTIVE ALLOWS "ACCIDENTAL" EAVESDROPPING BY AIR FORCE DRONES HERE AT HOME.

With more and more unmanned drones flying overhead, has the President or Congress told you that the U.S. Air Force, like the CIA, does not have the authority to conduct domestic "nonconsensual surveillance" unless the spying (so it says) is "accidental"?

Secrecy scholar Steven Aftergood of the Federation of American Scientists dug up an Air Force rule you may never have heard of. Thanks to a Pentagon directive permitting limited domestic surveillance, when this lawless snooping takes place, the Air Force has up to 90 days to bury the results while it decides whether to keep and share that data.

In a Wired.com article titled "Oops! Air Force Drones Can Now (Accidentally) Spy on You," Spencer Ackerman sheds light on Aftergood's discovery: "Acceptable surveillance includes flying drones over natural disasters; studying environmental changes; or keeping tabs above a domestic military base."

Here comes the curveball the government doesn't want you to see: "once the drones' powerful sensors and cameras sweep up imagery and other data from Americans nearby, the Air Force won't simply erase the tapes. It'll start analyzing whether the people it's recorded are, among other things, 'persons or organizations reasonably believed to be engaged or about to engage in international terrorist or international narcotics activities.'" But *you* could unwittingly be nearby!

But how does the government "reasonably" believe who's a criminal suspect? Ah, adds trenchant reporter Ackerman, "It doesn't stop with the Air Force. 'U.S. person information in the possession of an Air Force intelligence component may be disseminated pursuant to law, a court order'" or—now dig this—"the Pentagon directive that governs acceptable domestic surveillance."

Ackerman provides a plausible example of what dragnet surveillance fosters: "So what begins as a drone flight over, say, a national park to spot forest fires could end up with a dossier on campers passed on to law enforcement."

Loaded with sophisticated cameras and eavesdropping equipment, drones can document all sorts of information. What are those campers reading and talking about? Are they making furtive movements?

To make you feel a little more uneasy as you look skyward, Ackerman points out that "police departments across the country are beginning to buy and fly drones from the military. Now the Air Force's powerful spy tools could creep into your backyard in a different way."

So this is where we are in the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave. With deadly calm, the American Civil Liberties Union's "Surveillance & Privacy" declaration lays out what will become of American values unless the spirit of Samuel Adams, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison and Thomas Paine inspires future firebrand patriots to take to the streets while also becoming digital Paul Reveres as they strive to save our republic.

Like all the Bush-Obama unbounded spying on We the People, the ACLU reminds us, drones are the responsibility of the White House and Congress. What, if anything, will they do from January 2013 on—and what will we demand they do—to change the naked truth of the ACLU's "Surveillance & Privacy" indictment of Bush and Obama?

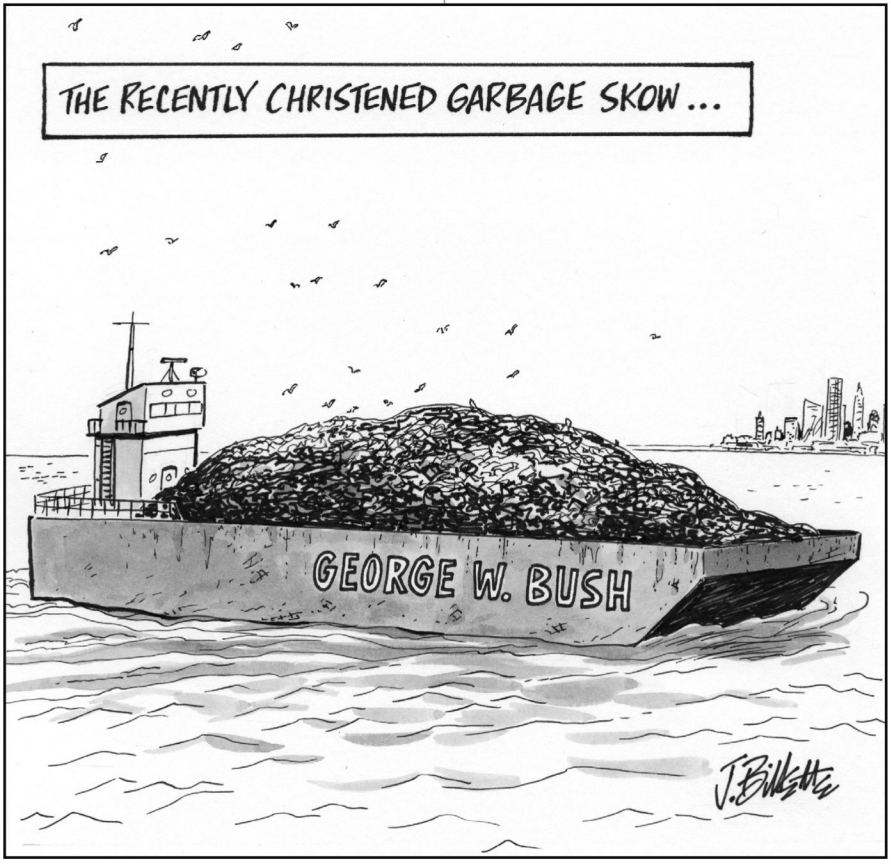
As the ACLU warns, "the government can compile vast dossiers about innocent people. The data sits indefinitely in government databases, and the names of many innocent Americans end up on bloated and inaccurate watch lists that affect whether we can fly on commercial airlines, whether we can renew our passports…and even whether we can open bank accounts. … Dragnet surveillance undermines the right to privacy and the freedom of speech, association and religion."

Moreover, the ACLU stipulates, "The FBI, the intelligence agencies, the military, state and local police, private companies and even firemen and emergency medical technicians are gathering incredible amounts of detailed information about us."

When I talk to students, I ask if they can see that government agents secretly databasing what they say and think violates their freedom of speech guaranteed by the First Amendment. "Is there anything," I inquire, "you'd rather the government doesn't know?"

More than ever before in our history, it's the job of We the People to make sure the government is no longer allowed to spy on us. Or don't you give a damn?

Nat Hentoff is a historian of the Constitution, a jazz critic and a columnist for the *Village Voice* and *Free Inquiry*. His incisive books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America*; *Living the Bill of Rights*; and the forthcoming *Is This America?*



"Dear Lord, you recently took from me: Donna Summer, my favorite singer; Vidal Sassoon, my favorite hairdresser; and Elizabeth Taylor, my favorite actress. So I just wanted to let you know that my favorite politicians are John Boehner, Mitch McConnell and Eric Cantor!"

Sleaze, Not Tease

I am nearly 46 years old, but when I was going through puberty—and after—I sure enjoyed HUSTLER Magazine. Now it feels great to open a HUSTLER again. *Beaver Hunt* and the cartoons are great. The chicks are sexy. I am sick and tired of the tease that is *Playboy* magazine. **—Kenneth Keeling**
South Fork, Colorado

Art Lover

Through the years that I've purchased your magazine, there have been some of the most amazing bodies I've ever seen making the scene. Needless to say, it's helped give a pervert like me something to draw.

BiBi Jones, Shay Laren and, recently, Khloe Kush make me keep liking art. If you ever publish my work, I'm going to get a hard-on. Thanks, Larry and HUSTLER.
—Isaac Wright
Belfast, Maine

You have talent, Isaac, and we're happy to oblige. As for the hard-on, you know what to do.

Big Love

I have a suggestion. Why not sell *Beaver Hunt* coffee cups with Beaver gals on the front? I made a few for myself using one of the ladies from the July '05 *Beaver Hunt*. Her name was Shaye. You just might make a lot of money with this. BTW: I buy your magazine monthly, and I love it! **—Harold Hensley**
Stockton, California

We remember Shaye's 44DDs. That must be a big coffee cup! You're on your own with this one, Harold.

Wishful Thinking

I want to see more of Julia Ann in HUSTLER. In fact, I'd like an entire issue dedicated to Julia Ann in sexy lingerie. Thank you!
—Malcom Pride
Knoxville, Tennessee

Vulvacious

I bought the September '12 issue and enjoyed the nude layouts of Cassie Laine [*Cruising for Fun*], Jessie Andrews [*Clean Living, Dirty Mind*], Kiera Winters [*Young & Eager*] and Jennifer Ann [*Awesome Aussie*]. I've developed an affection for the vulva! Thanks for the close-up, intimate shots of these beautiful ladies.
—Mike Breedlove
McLeansville, North Carolina

Beauty & Beast

They don't make women like Jennifer Ann in America. She makes me want to move to Australia. The things I would do to her on that dorm room bed! Her [September '12] layout was incredible. Kiera Winters is another stunner. I never knew what they had in Idaho until I saw her beautiful face and body!

Also, *Tentacle Erotica of Daikichi Amano* was incredibly disturbing—like a train wreck you can't tear your eyes away from. That guy has one sick mind.
—Ken Chenard
Miami, Florida

Porn-Starved

I am a British soldier fighting in Afghanistan. I am a true fan of what your company makes, and I would be really grateful if you could send me some T-shirts, magazines or DVDs. You would be making me a very happy man. I need some morale-boosting in this

Young and eager Kiera Winters is anything but cold. HUSTLER readers quickly migrated over to her hot spots.

place! I really love the work of one of your stars, Lavish Styles. If she could write to me, that would make my year. I think Lavish Styles is the most beautiful thing I've ever seen in my life.
—Lance Corporal Keith Rowlatt
Manchester, England

We've reached out to Ms. Styles via Twitter. As for the hardcore swag, we'll see what we can do.

Disgruntled

I just read my latest issue [September '12], and it is full of crap. The writers run down Republicans, independents and God. I'm referring to Robert Scheer ["Mitt Romney: Greed-Run-Wild Apostle"], *Asshole of the Month* [Rick Santorum], Richard Heinberg [*Salvaging the American Dream*] and Nat Hentoff ["Can the Constitution Survive Obama's Reelection?"].

Evidently, you all think that President Barack Obama is now God and that everyone else is wrong, since everything about him is praise. The *Feedback* letters are the most unbiased thing in your whole magazine.

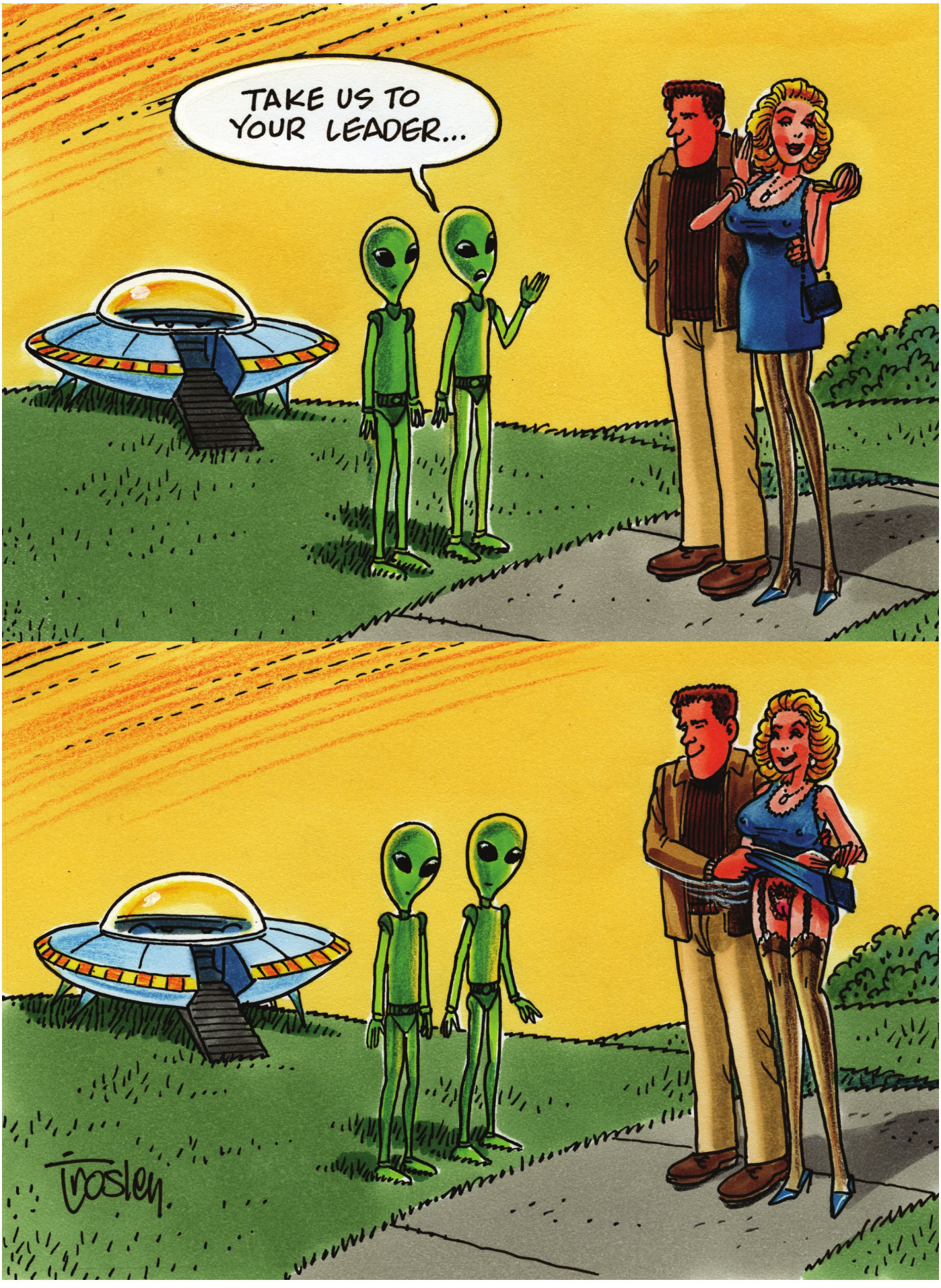
If Obama gets reelected, we will be living under *his* laws, not the Constitution or the Bill of Rights. That is, until China decides to foreclose on our debt. Then we will live under its laws, with a 75% tax rate for our children. **—Paul Betz**
Greeleyville, South Carolina

Evidently you don't read very well, Mr. Betz. In the September '12 issue, Nat Hentoff clearly blasted Obama's "contempt for the Bill of Rights," while Richard Heinberg mostly discussed fossil fuels. We understand you have a bone to pick with us, but choose your weapons wisely. FYI: China's maximum income-tax rate is 45%.

Warm Winter

Kiera Winters is drop-dead gorgeous. She has the perfect porcelain-skinned body. I just want to kiss and lick every inch of it. She's definitely the sexiest woman I've seen in your magazine for months.
—Evan Graham
Boston, Massachusetts

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to *Hustler@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.


TAKE US TO YOUR LEADER...
Trosley.

DARRELL ISSA

They say it takes a crook to catch a crook. Maybe that's why the GOP chose Representative Darrell Issa (R-California) to head the House Oversight and Government Reform Committee. This powerful committee is charged with investigating government operations (and looking for bad guys). You're aware, no doubt, that Issa's most recent target—having already chalked up ACORN as victim number one—is Attorney General Eric Holder for the supposed "Fast and Furious" mess. (More on that later.)

Issa himself has had numerous run-ins with the law. Of course, he has dodged most of the criminal allegations made against him: car theft (two separate charges), arson, insurance fraud, leaving the scene of an accident, carrying an unlicensed weapon and brandishing a weapon (unrelated to the previous charge). Where there's so much smoke, doesn't there have to be at least a little fire?

Since we're talking about smoke, let's start with the alleged arson. Shortly after Issa acquired an Ohio company called Steal Stopper—manufacturer of car alarms that demanded, "Please step away from the car")—the factory burned to the ground. (BTW: That was Issa's voice on the alarm.) While it was initially believed to be an electrical fire, a subsequent investigation pointed to arson.

According to an article by Ryan Lizza in *New Yorker* magazine, "A fire-analysis report commissioned by the St. Paul insurance company and dated October 19, 1982, a month after the incident, concluded that the fire was 'incendiary.'" Curiously, two weeks before the blaze, Issa had more than quadrupled Steal Stopper's insurance protection. Although additional circumstantial evidence allegedly pointed to Issa, he was never charged.

Issa's criminal tendencies seem to have started at an early age. In 1971, Jay Bergey alleged that the then-18-year-old Issa stole his Dodge Charger. Three months later, Issa and his brother William were charged with stealing a Maserati. That same year, Darrell Issa was charged with carrying an unregistered gun; he was fined and sentenced to probation.

If that isn't enough smoke for you, how about this? According to the *New Yorker* article, "On December 28, 1979, William Issa arrived at Smythe European Motors, in San Jose, and offered to sell Darrell's car, a red 1976 Mercedes sedan. William was carrying an Ohio driver's license with his brother's name on it, and the dealer gave William a check for $16,000, which he immediately cashed. Soon afterward, Darrell reported the car stolen from the Monterey airport. He later told the police that he had left the title in the trunk." Darrell and William were suspected of insurance fraud. However, the case was dismissed.

Then there's the weapon-brandishing charge. According to former Issa employee Jack Frantz, when Issa fired him, he did so by placing on Frantz's desk a box, which he opened to reveal a gun. Issa's response to this allegation, the *Los Angeles Times* reported, was "shots were never fired."

Not every sleazy thing Issa has done is criminal. Although Issa claimed he got very positive reviews during his stint in the U.S. Army, that's an overstatement. At one point he was transferred to a supply depot because of his dismal performance. Issa's claim to have provided security for President Richard Nixon, sweeping baseball stadiums for bombs during the 1971 World Series, has also been disproven. Nor, according to the *Los Angeles Times*, did Issa win *Inc.* magazine's 1994 national Entrepreneur of the Year award, as the car-alarm magnate claimed.

But enough about Issa's past. Let's look at what he's doing now as chairman of the House Oversight and Government Reform Committee. Most recently Issa led a Congressional vote to hold Attorney General Eric Holder in contempt for his failure to hand over documents pertaining to Operation Fast and Furious. The so-called scandal, first "exposed" by CBS News, falsely alleged that officials at the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, Firearms and Explosives (ATF) authorized a scheme that intentionally allowed guns sold in Arizona to "walk" into Mexico as part of a bungled sting operation. Although Issa acts as if the charges are true, they aren't.

According to an in-depth article by Katherine Eban in *Fortune* magazine, the weapons crossed the U.S.-Mexican border because of Arizona's incredibly lax gun laws. ATF officials were actually prevented from making arrests in Arizona even though they had compiled detailed evidence against 20 suspects, one of whom bought $300,000 in firearms over a six-month period—while collecting food stamps. So once again—like ACORN (Association of Community Organizers for Reform Now)—there's no there there.

Regarding ACORN, Issa's oversight committee charged the grassroots organization with fraud back in 2009 because a number of the voter-registration forms it handed in included phony names, such as "Mickey Mouse." In nine of the 11 states where this occurred, ACORN was required by state law to submit those forms even though it was aware that the people who'd been hired to collect the registrations had committed fraud. All of the dubious forms were noted as "problematic" by ACORN itself.

According to a March 2010 *Huffington Post* article, "the nonpartisan Congressional Research Service (CRS) noted that as of last October [2009], ACORN had been subjected to at least 46 federal, state and local investigations, with only 11 still outstanding. In addition, the U.S. Attorney's office in Louisiana notified ACORN that it has closed its investigation. Only one state, Nevada, brought charges against ACORN, under an ambiguous law that prohibited paying staff to register voters."

Nonetheless, ACORN was denied further federal funding and put out of business in 2010—another successful attempt by the GOP to suppress voter registration.

So what have we learned? That Darrell Issa is a sociopath? Quite possibly. That Issa has no respect for the truth? We think so. That he is the last person in our nation's capital who should be representing the people? To be fair, there have to be at least a few lawmakers with even less ethics and morals than Issa, but he's not far behind. So we leave Issa with the following warning: "Please step away from the government." We don't need any more douchebags ruining our country.

PHOTOS COURTESY TAYSTEVENS.COM

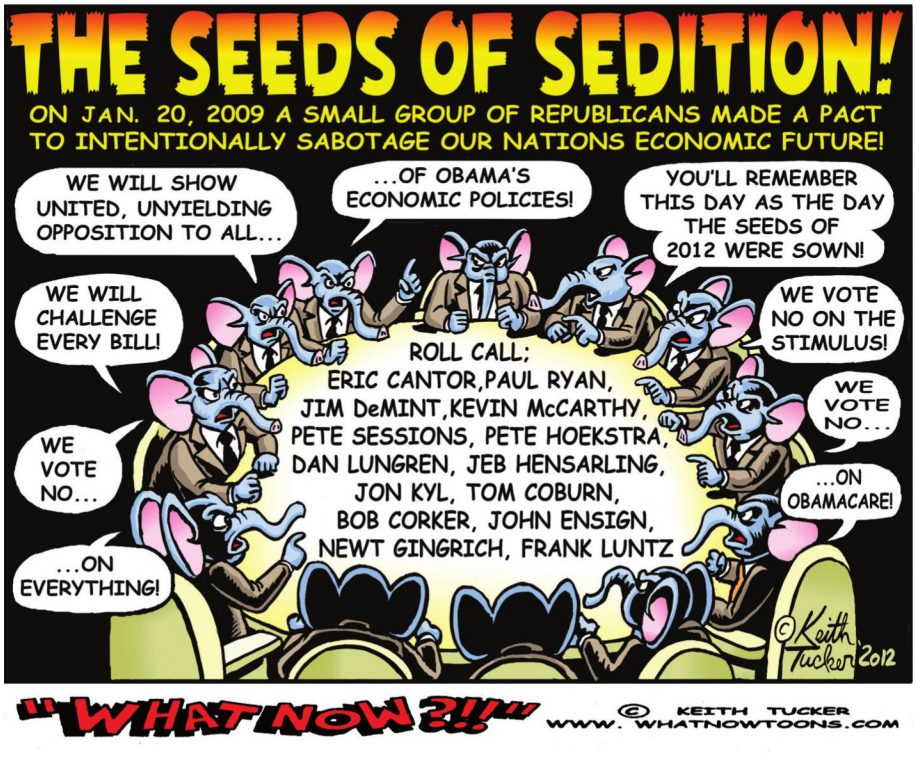
TASTY STANLEY CUP CAKE

Los Angeles hockey fans were delighted to see the hometown Kings win the Stanley Cup for the first time in 45 years. At the same time, fans of impressive cleavage were pleased that Taylor Stevens was featured extensively in television coverage of the Kings' thrilling Cup-clinching series against the New Jersey Devils. During games four and six, which were played in L.A., the Canadian topless model and webcam performer wrangled a front-row seat right behind the Devils' bench. Whenever the camera cut to coach Peter DeBoer and his players, the TV audience was treated to a view of Stevens's astounding rack.

Stevens, who received a lot of Twitter and media attention thanks to her conspicuous presence on the boob tube, has battled some major medical issues. Six years ago the former BBW fetish model dropped 180 pounds. More recently she's received treatment for non-Hodgkin's lymphoma. On that note, Stevens planned to auction off the duds she wore to the games, with proceeds going to the Obesity Society and Lymphoma Foundation. We applaud Taylor for her altruism…and also for giving us another reason to give a shit about hockey.

For more about Taylor, visit **TayStevens.com**.

"Sex is like money; only too much is enough." —JOHN UPDIKE, WRITER


THE SEEDS OF SEDITION!
ON JAN. 20, 2009 A SMALL GROUP OF REPUBLICANS MADE A PACT TO INTENTIONALLY SABOTAGE OUR NATIONS ECONOMIC FUTURE!
WE WILL SHOW UNITED, UNYIELDING OPPOSITION TO ALL...
...OF OBAMA'S ECONOMIC POLICIES!
YOU'LL REMEMBER THIS DAY AS THE DAY THE SEEDS OF 2012 WERE SOWN!
WE WILL CHALLENGE EVERY BILL!
WE VOTE NO ON THE STIMULUS!
ROLL CALL:
ERIC CANTOR, PAUL RYAN,
JIM DeMINT, KEVIN McCARTHY,
PETE SESSIONS, PETE HOEKSTRA,
DAN LUNGREN, JEB HENSARLING,
JON KYL, TOM COBURN,
BOB CORKER, JOHN ENSIGN,
NEWT GINGRICH, FRANK LUNTZ
WE VOTE NO...
WE VOTE NO...
...ON OBAMACARE!
...ON EVERYTHING!
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FRESH-FACED GAGS

Once again the latest issue of HUSTLER HUMOR is stuffed to the gills with ribald jokes and provocative cartoons. To order your copy (which costs a mere $7), get a credit card in hand and call 1-800-763-8271 ext 7651.

CELEBRITY FANTASY

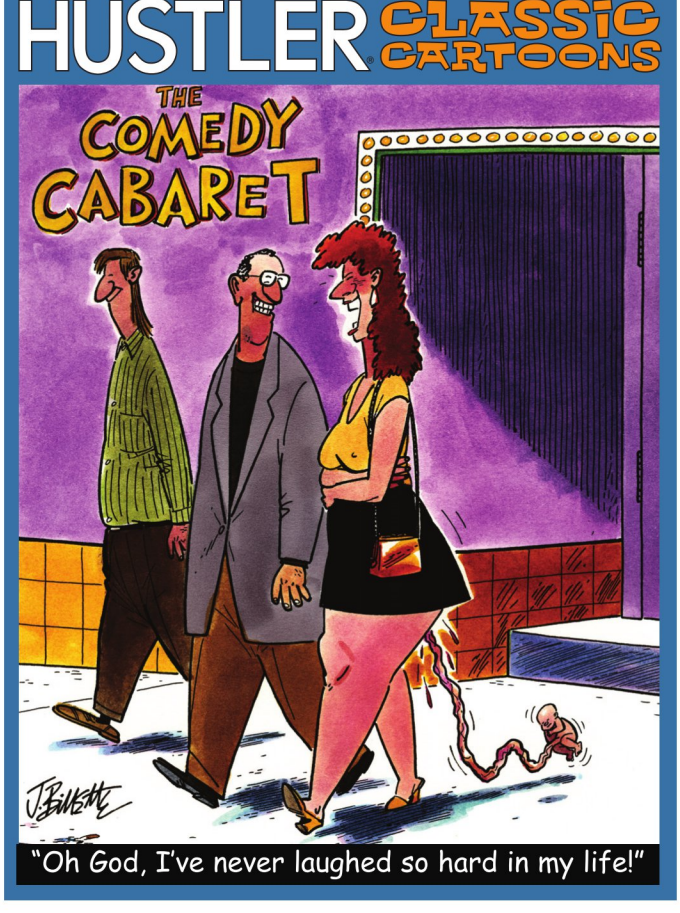
WHAT WOULD *Jan Brewer* LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

Nutjob Arizona Governor Jan Brewer is obsessed with keeping illegal immigrants out of her state. A die-hard Republican, she claims they're stealing work from Americans, but the truth is that immigrants keep our country's economy afloat by doing the undesirable, dismal jobs that no one wants. Like engaging in sexual acts with Jan Brewer.

DISCLAIMER. Parody: No such picture of Jan Brewer actually exists, and we're obviously joking about her paying for sex. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose.

PORN FROM THE PAST

This kindhearted gentleman seems to be teaching a course in proper fucking techniques to his lover's inexperienced friend. Maybe it's just us, but we think this class should require safety goggles. Thanks to A.M. of Pemberton, Canada, for this vintage photo. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.



"Don't knock masturbation; it's sex with someone I love." —WOODY ALLEN, FILM DIRECTOR

PHOTOS BY KHARY H. DAISE

BIG-TIME BASH

HUSTLER recently hosted a smashingly successful party at The Colony, one of L.A.'s hippest nightclubs. Those lucky enough to get through the doors were treated to good tunes and a close-up view of hot HUSTLER models slithering sexily through the joint all night long. When it comes to throwing a party, no mag delivers like HUSTLER. Except, of course, *Pharmacist Monthly*. There's always the best drugs at its shindigs.

HOT DOG HOOKER?

New York resident Catherine Scalia, who operates a food truck specializing in hot dogs, was recently busted. It wasn't Scalia's wieners that got her into hot water. The fortysomething, who titillates customers by wearing a bikini top, was nabbed for serving up an illegal side dish. An undercover cop accused the vendor of offering him sex at her home. We're hopeful that Scalia's alleged pairing of sexual services with cheap eats will start a trend. Can you imagine how awesome Discount Bukkake Night at the Olive Garden will be?

PHOTO BY DENNIS CLARK/POLARIS/NEWSCOM

"Older women are best, because they always think they may be doing it for the last time."—IAN FLEMING, NOVELIST AND "JAMES BOND" CREATOR

HUSTLER BOOK CLUB

SEAL OF APPROVAL HUSTLER SEAL OF APPROVAL

Daniel Clowes—best known for his graphic novel *Ghost World*, which was made into a feature film—has been delivering smart, funny, trenchant comics about American life for decades.

Providing insight into his creative process is *The Art of Daniel Clowes: Modern Cartoonist* (Abrams ComicArts, 224 pages, $40). The book boasts 300 color examples of Clowes's celebrated work, as well as unpublished sketches and drawings. *The Art of Daniel Clowes: Modern Cartoonist* is available at **AbramsBooks.com**.

Wilson IN
DAY 16,412
BY DANIEL CLOWES
LOOK AT THIS - A FRONT-PAGE STORY ABOUT HOW BAD THINGS ARE IN THE NEWSPAPER BUSINESS!
TALK ABOUT SOLIPSISTIC! MY GOD, IT'S LIKE LISTENING TO SOME OLD LADY COMPLAIN ABOUT HER ARTHRITIS!
HELLO?
HEY! I'M TALKING TO YOU!
WHAT? I'M TRYING TO LISTEN TO SOMETHING...
GOSH! I'M SO SORRY!
PLEASE ACCEPT MY DEEPEST APOLOGIES FOR ATTEMPTING TO INITIATE A BRIEF MOMENT OF "HUMAN INTERACTION." IT SHAN'T HAPPEN AGAIN!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STUDIOXPHOTOS.COM

CINDY STARFALL

For **Cindy Starfall** the decision to pursue nude modeling was all about self-discovery. "I grew up in a very sheltered, traditional Asian family," the tantalizing newbie explains. "I was always forced to hold back my sexual side."

Cindy, who was born in Vietnam and came to the United States at age 15, had a privileged upbringing. "I was given everything I could want," she recalls. "Money, a car, a maid—I got it all. But I never had the opportunity to do anything on my own because my family thought the only thing I was capable of was marrying a rich man."

In fact, **Cindy**'s folks even had a dude picked out for her. "Everything was about power, money and business acquisitions for my family," **Cindy** points out. "After I ran away from that arranged marriage, I decided to do what I wanted to do. Right now I only worry about what makes *me* happy."

Cindy believes she has discovered her calling in the XXX industry. "My passion is my job," she enthusiastically remarks. "Showing up on set is always fun because every day is different. I can never predict what will happen. The unknown excites me."

CINDY'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Ho Chi Minh City, Vietnam | AGE: 22 | BIRTH SIGN: Sagittarius | HEIGHT: 4-11 | WEIGHT: 95

A Day in the Life of Dylan Ryder

PHOTOS FROM *INSIDE STORY* (GLAM SHOT) AND *CRANKED* (INSET) COURTESY BLUEBIRD FILMS

EMBODYING FAMILY TOGETHERNESS, AN A-LIST PORN STAR IS ALWAYS THERE FOR HER HARD-LUCK PARENTS AND MMA SIBLINGS.

Family portrait: Dylan Ryder, twins Jocelyn and Jillian and parents Rodney and Mary Jane.

I'm watching two women beat the living shit out of each other, and it ain't no dainty hair-pulling catfight either. It's a "Future Stars of MMA" bout that's so violent, someone might end up in the hospital. The mean-and-wiry adversaries—a blonde with a GI Jane haircut and a shorter brunette, both of whom know how to throw a punch—are relentlessly trading body blows like two human metronomes.

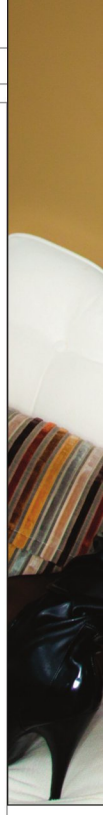
Then, suddenly, the tawny chick lands a fist squarely in the face of the blonde—Jillian "Justice" Lybarger—knocking her down. Blood now dripping from her nose, Jillian immediately jumps back on her feet. She hurls herself at her foe—Jordan Gaza a/k/a "Ninja Princess"—sending the two of them crashing to the mat. Getting on top of her opponent, Jillian begins pummeling her—hard, then harder. She is clearly extracting revenge for the punch that drew blood.

It's ugly, but the crowd loves it. No surprise there. After all, that's what extreme female cage fighting is all about. Like the entire spectrum of mixed martial arts, it's entertainment in the tradition of ancient Rome's gladiators.

Not everyone is cheering, however. Jillian's parents—Rodney and Mary Jane Lybarger—grimly watch the spectacle alongside their

Jillian "Justice" Lybarger keeps her biggest fans on edge.

PHOTOS BY M. ALLEN NATHAN



daughter Jocelyn, the identical twin of Jillian. Jocelyn's an MMA fighter too and is therefore well aware of what can send her sister to the emergency room.

In contrast, hardcore star Dylan Ryder—the twins' older sister, who's also on hand for this family affair—is screaming at the top of her lungs as Jillian viciously beats the downed Gaza into what appears to be certain submission. But, as the saying goes, "It ain't over till it's over." Gaza, a onetime cheerleader, manages to slip out from under Jillian's fists of fury. Within a few seconds the two women are toe to toe once more, swapping more body blows.

Jillian takes a nasty left hook to the liver, reeling back while trying to catch her breath. Now it's Gaza's turn to do the pummeling—equally as hard. In serious trouble, Jillian crumples against the cage.

I turn to the Lybarger clan, uniformly staring stoically as Jillian takes blow after blow in a makeshift auditorium at Las Vegas's Treasure Island casino. To them it's all about survival.

The Lybargers illustrate what a lot of Americans have to do nowadays to pay their bills and maintain their dignity when they have no secondary education, no medical insurance, no job training and no money.

Dylan's parents never dreamed their kids would someday grow up having to get the crap kicked out of them or get double-penetrated on camera to pay the rent. "When they were little, I wanted my girls to all become doctors," their father, Rodney, had explained to me earlier at lunch. "But I'm proud of them no matter what choices they make in life. They're good people with big hearts, and—bottom line—that's what's most important to their mother and me."

The Lybargers raised their three girls in a small Northern California town. Rodney had a car-stereo business, and Mary Jane did some part-time secretarial work. But Rodney, in his own words, "lived a less than perfect life," getting involved with drugs. The business went to hell, and he and his wife fought. Then Mary Jane was diagnosed with cancer.

Rodney straightened out to be there for her. But with little money and mounting medical bills, life became overwhelmingly stressful, and the girls were neglected. They grew up wild.

"We always tried to do the best we could for them," Mary Jane told me. "But our girls were strong-willed."

Strong-willed a/k/a slutty, a little nutty and in search of thrills. Dylan couldn't wait to get out of the stifling environment. She left home at 17 and with her parents' hesitant consent joined the Army. That experiment lasted six weeks. Dylan returned home and tried a variety of eclectic jobs, including substance-abuse counselor and prison correctional officer. Nothing clicked until the directionless young lady decided to send some nude pictures of herself to an adult-film company. Two weeks later she was in front of a camera, banging her brains out for fun and profit.

Meanwhile, Jillian and Jocelyn went off to junior college, where they discovered they were more interested in exploring their newfound sexual identities. The twins came out as lesbians. Dropping out of school, they returned home. Besides taking a string of low-paying jobs, they became serious gym rats. That's where they were exposed to MMA. Jillian and Jocelyn were not only fascinated by the fighters' extreme dedication to conditioning but also drawn to the fierce competition and danger of the sport.

"My sister and I were athletes," Jocelyn told me. "We played basketball in college and loved it. When we left school, we were still training but didn't have a goal."

"Our jobs made us even more frustrated," Jillian added. "We were looking for something that would make us feel like ourselves."

Young, mad, gay and angry. No wonder hitting people felt right. Jillian and Jocelyn entered a combative realm filled with androgynous young women like themselves. Amazingly, amateur female fighters compete exclusively for trophies. Despite traveling around the country and fighting primarily in dives, the twins are making nothing for their efforts.

The Lybarger family's major source of income is Dylan Ryder's. Since entering the adult industry in

"Let's do some role-play! I'll be Mitt Romney and you be the middle class!"

PHOTOS FROM *INSIDE STORY* (LEFT) AND *CRANKED* (RIGHT) COURTESY BLUEBIRD FILMS

2005, she's worked her way up from gonzo Internet performer to an A-lister. Besides landing an exclusive contract with a big-time company, she launched a personal website, **DylanRyder.com**, that now has nearly 600 devoted (and regularly paying) followers. The twins both hold jobs at local phone stores to pay personal bills and keep up their medical insurance, but it's Dylan who bankrolls all expenses related to their MMA careers.

"I believe in them," she confided to me. "I'm happy to do it." In addition, Dylan supplements her parents' income since they're both struggling with low-paying jobs back home. "It's my pleasure to do that too," she said without a moment's hesitation. "You do the best you can for the people you love."

Dylan Ryder and her brood have struggled mightily with various issues, including their parents' substance problems. In Dylan's words, her mom "occasionally drinks too much, so we have to keep an eye on her." Dylan herself has experimented with methamphetamines, for which she was arrested and incarcerated several times. The messiest domestic conflict of all was when her family discovered she was in the porn business, a career choice that Dylan initially tried to keep secret.

"I told them I was doing some fashion modeling," she recalled. "And some tasteful nude pictures in a fashion magazine that would only be seen in Europe." Unfortunately, a neighbor knocked on the family's door a few weeks later with the European "fashion" magazine in hand. Her secret exposed, it was rough going between Dylan and her folks for a little while, but eventually they came around.

Privately, before Jillian's fight at Treasure Island, I asked Dylan if she thought her mom and dad might be a bit more understanding about her profession because she chips in financially. Dylan dismissed the thought: "My parents speak their mind. They tell me when they think I'm making a mistake. They don't hold back. They're thrilled with my career."

Thrilled? Okay, it wasn't really a debatable point. Rodney had told me at lunch that "my girls did what they had to do to get out of a dead-end town and a dead-end life," as his wife nodded alongside him in silent agreement. But Dylan's parents didn't really have to say anything. Their expressions revealed what they were probably thinking. *Mistakes were made. Maybe we didn't get them to medical school, but that doesn't mean we can't still set some new goals.*

Rodney and Mary Jane have learned to put a positive spin on the cards life has dealt, to be satisfied with their girls just trying to be the very best at what they do. Dylan isn't selling her body because she can't get a better-paying job. Their oldest daughter is a world-famous adult-film

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PHOTO BY M. ALLEN NATHAN

actress. And the twins aren't two college dropouts delaying the responsibility of making a living by choosing to beat up other women for cheap trophies. They're athletes training for an obtainable, impressive-sounding goal: professional championships and prize money.

Dylan doesn't waver from the Lybarger family's mantra of no regrets: "I was allowed to pursue my dream. I want to see my sisters do what makes them happy. But win or lose, the important thing for all of us is that we keep moving forward."

For the moment, "moving forward" means Jillian must salvage the disaster her cage match is turning into. With a win tonight, she'll have the opportunity to turn pro and finally have a shot at making some serious money. Jocelyn has the exact same career plan: one last amateur fight several months down the road and then an entrée into professional matches.

But tonight doesn't appear to be Jillian "Justice" Lybarger's night. Gaining strength and confidence, Jordan Gaza is now bashing Jillian's head against a steel post. By the way, this is totally acceptable to the referee, who looks on casually as if the move were something you'd see on *Dancing With the Stars*. Dylan's screams of encouragement are even louder, Jocelyn continues to stare stoically, and Rodney and Mary Jane clutch each other tightly.

There are very few elegant martial-arts moves in an amateur cage fight. Basically it's face-to-face, barroom-style brawling, which means that if the opponents are evenly matched physically, the outcome is just as much about luck as it is skill.

Jillian suddenly gets lucky. Or maybe, doing her version of Muhammad Ali's rope-a-dope, she's more skilled than Gaza. I don't know. (And when I spoke to Jillian after the fight, she wouldn't say.) In any event, as her opponent begins to tire from the endless hammering, Jillian proceeds to hit back with more power than she's exhibited the entire fight. Now all but punched out, Gaza tumbles to the mat with Jillian on top of her for the second time.

There will be no third time. As Jillian wails away at her exhausted rival, the referee notices the match is moving in the direction of a sports-page tragedy. Pulling Jillian off her battered foe, he hoists the victor's right arm into the air. It's Jillian's night after all.

Even though she'd been beaten down pretty badly, several times in fact, Jillian had refused to surrender. The win was too important; her future depended on it. And after too many instances in a young life where plans went to hell, Jillian Lybarger—with whatever mysterious combination of skill and old-fashioned heart she could muster—found the brute strength to make sure, this time, disappointment wasn't going to prevail.

Each member of the Lybarger family has had enough disillusionment and hard luck to rival the plot of a soap opera—drug problems, jail, shattered dreams, cancer. More than enough stress to make anyone fall apart or at least turn their backs on the people around them. And yet there they all were, sitting together cheering, hugging and crying in support of each other—as a family.

"Being there," Dylan Ryder had said to me earlier. "No matter what goes down, that's what's most important to us."

Television writer/director M. Allen Nathan is a two-time Emmy Award-winner. The frequent HUSTLER contributor also works as a script doctor on major Hollywood films.

GEE, POP, I CAN'T WAIT 'TIL I'M OLD ENOUGH TO GO IN FOR MY FIRST PROSTATE EXAM!
AW SHIT! THIS FUCKING BOY IS GAY!
WINNERS

SEXY SONGBIRD

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DIGITALDESIRE.COM

ALYSSA BRANCH

Alyssa Branch marches to the beat of her own drum. “I’m not the type of person who’s always worried about fitting in,” she explains. “I’m naturally very opinionated and outgoing, and I want to be true to myself.”

Music is a big part of Alyssa’s life. This independent spirit has eclectic taste, citing the Rolling Stones, Adele and teenage female rapper Kitty Pryde as her current obsessions. “I start listening to music the second I wake up,” Alyssa notes. “It’s like my life has a soundtrack.”

When there’s nothing to listen to, the Motor City babe loves belting out tunes herself. “I’m proud of my voice,” Alyssa says. “There are a couple of clips on the Internet, but I haven’t really pursued it professionally. Even just singing in the shower brings me a lot of joy.”

Her other interests include hiking, going to comedy clubs and keeping an eye on the latest fashion trends. “I try to be as stylish as possible without spending every penny on clothes,” Alyssa avows. “I would love to go to one of those super-elegant runway shows in Paris someday. I think those things are so cool.”

ALYSSA'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Detroit, Michigan | AGE: 20 | BIRTH SIGN: Aquarius | HEIGHT: 5-4 | WEIGHT: 120

BY MATT HOGE

MOTHER OF THE YEAR?

OCTOMOM MAKES THE PORN PLUNGE

FABULOUSLY FERTILE NADYA SULEMAN CELEBRATES HER SEXUALITY IN A NEW FLICK FROM WICKED PICTURES.

The tale of Nadya "Octomom" Suleman—the California single mother whose in vitro fertilization treatments resulted in her birthing eight babies in one litter in January 2009—has provoked a range of responses. Many were shocked to learn that Suleman already had six kids, each conceived through an IVF procedure. Some were upset that Suleman was unemployed and taking public assistance, while others channeled their anger toward the doctor who implanted such an impractical number of embryos into her womb. But a sizable segment of the population was preoccupied with one question: What does Octomom look like naked?

For those yearning to glimpse a nude Nadya, the wait is over. Wicked Pictures' recently released *Octomom: Home Alone* reveals Suleman pleasuring herself in three solo scenes. Directed by Brad Armstrong, the film also features an exclusive interview with Suleman conducted by XXX performer jessica drake.

While there's a semi-satirical tone to *Octomom: Home Alone* (see the shot of Suleman straddling an old-fashioned washboard), the harried mother definitely gets into her performance. Far from being a tarnished wasteland, her body is actually in pretty damn good shape. Octomom's rack is even more impressive when one takes into account that 14 babies have suckled at those teats.

Just as Suleman was lambasted for adding eight kids to her brood, she will likely be reviled for crossing over into porn. But doesn't she deserve some credit for doing whatever it takes to provide for her family? From the HUSTLER perspective, we'd rather have Octomom masturbating on camera than living off the taxpayers.

PHOTOS COURTESY WICKED PICTURES

"That's right, Ted. The male population is ecstatic about the announcement today that three servings of semen every day can help women lose up to ten pounds a week!"

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PEAK INSIDE

NERDY
NYMPHO
PHOTOGRAPHY BY DIGITALDESIRE.COM

MOLLY BENNETT

Molly Bennett has a sexual fantasy that will probably surprise you. "I really want to fuck a nerdy guy who likes *Star Wars* as much as I do," the Southern California native fesses up. "He has to keep his glasses on and fuck me like there's no tomorrow."

In addition to being fascinated by George Lucas's space trilogy, **Molly** geeks out to avatars. "I'm not talking about the blue people in the movie," the sci-fi buff clarifies. "It's way nerdier than that." Molly is referring to Nickelodeon's *Avatar: The Last Airbender*, which originally ran from 2005 to 2008.

The animated series is set in an alternate reality where epic battles are waged between fighters capable of manipulating the elements (earth, water, air, fire)—a process known as bending. "I'd love to have the power to bend the elements," **Molly** marvels. "It's the coolest idea."

The spanking-new model may have some obscure interests, but she's also latched onto a couple of very mainstream cultural happenings. "I'm a *Twilight* dork," **Molly** admits. "Team Jacob, by the way. And I do genuinely like Justin Bieber. His music is fun!"

Molly, who also digs being outdoors and traveling, hopes to someday see the world. "Or at least Australia," she specifies. "It looks beautiful down there!" We feel compelled to add: So does **Molly Bennett**.

MOLLY'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: San Diego, California | AGE: 18 | BIRTH SIGN: Scorpio | HEIGHT: 5-8 | WEIGHT: 110

DEADLY COVER-UP!

BY KARL GROSSMAN

FUKUSHIMA SLAMS OU

THE GOVERNMENT CLAIMS AMERICAN

ON MARCH 11, 2011, A MASSIVE EARTHQUAKE AND SUBSEQUENT TSUNAMI TRIGGERED A TRIPLE MELTDOWN AT THE FUKUSHIMA DAIICHI NUCLEAR POWER PLANT IN JAPAN.

An enormous amount of radiation was discharged by the calamity and continues to endanger mankind around the world. Now it's been acknowledged that human error is to blame. In July 2012 a Japanese independent investigatory commission released its findings. The panel concluded that "the direct causes of the accident were all foreseeable" and

RADIATION R SHORES

S HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR. IT'S LYING!

that the facility's operator and government regulators had "failed to correctly develop the most basic safety requirements" in a country with a history of catastrophic seismic activity.

Just days after the disaster, the West Coast of the United States began being clobbered by radioactivity. It "has been moving east in the air and in the ocean," said epidemiologist Joseph Mangano, head of the Radiation and Public Health Project. "California has been hard hit."

UNEQUIVOCAL EVIDENCE

In the weeks following the accident, the Los Angeles area had "the highest cesium deposition in the United States," according to measurements released by the U.S. Geological Survey.

Within the same time frame, measurements disclosed by the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency noted that Anaheim, California, had the "highest amount of [iodine-131] radioactive fallout" of "any EPA air-monitoring station" in the country.

Within a month of the accident, as reported in *The Journal of Environmental Science and Technology*, high levels of iodine-131 from Fukushima were found in giant kelp beds off a 335-mile stretch of California coast from Laguna Beach to Santa Cruz. "Radioactivity is taken up by the kelp, and anything that feeds on the kelp will be exposed to this also," announced California State University, Long Beach biology professor Steven Manley, who led the study. "It enters the coastal food web and gets dispersed over a variety of organisms. … It's not a good thing."

According to the same UC Long Beach study, seaweed along California's coastline measured 500 times normal in radioactive iodine-131.

Scientists at the University of California, Berkeley's Department of Nuclear Engineering found that in early April 2011, rain-borne iodine-131 and cesium-137 in the Bay Area exceeded federal drinking-water thresholds by 181 times.

Bluefin tuna containing cesium-137 and cesium-134 have recently been found in waters off San Diego, according to marine biologists from Stanford University and Stony Brook University. In a report published in the *Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences*, the researchers stated that their discovery provided "unequivocal evidence" of movement of radioactivity from Fukushima through migratory fish across the Pacific Ocean. "This is an example of how events don't happen in a vacuum," said Stanford doctoral student Daniel Madigan, who led the study. "These tuna carried this radiation across the entire Pacific, the largest ocean on the planet."

ENDLESS BUMMER

Radioactivity from Fukushima is continuing to wallop the western United States, particularly California. For example, testing conducted in Los Angeles in March 2012—a year after the accident—showed radiation to be nearly seven times normal background levels. "Southern California is still getting hit by Fukushima radiation at alarmingly high levels that will inevitably increase as the main bulk of polluted Pacific Ocean water reaches North America over the next two years," investigative reporter Mike Collins related on his Website EnviroReporter.com in an article titled "The Endless Bummer."

In April 2012, collecting samples with his own equipment, Collins found that rain and mist falling in Santa Monica, California, one weekend was five times as radioactive as normal. He termed the findings "shocking" and said the readings would qualify the sample as a hazardous material under California Highway Patrol protocols.

What is truly frightening is that in California—and across the United States—the ostensibly responsible government agencies all stopped doing regular readings for Fukushima radioactivity within a few months after the accident.

The EPA announced that this was because of "the consistent decrease in radiation levels across the country associated with the Japanese nuclear incident." So Collins and others have taken to doing radiation readings themselves. Fortunately, Geiger counters, Radnet instruments and other radiation-measuring devices are not yet illegal.

NO SAFE LEVEL

Alex Thomas of IntelHub.com has commented that because government agencies have been working "to cover up the dangers posed to the United States from the Fukushima nuclear disaster, these independent radiation tests are absolutely paramount to get out to the American people. Without them we would all be victims of the corrupt government and their open pro-nuclear stance."

Daniel Hirsch—a nuclear-policy lecturer at the University of California, Santa Cruz—says, "I really am horrified" of the drastic reduction of the U.S. government's Fukushima radiation monitoring. "It is quite staggering, and it seems to be part of the pattern…trying to make sure there are no measurements that could cause people to be concerned. … The easiest way to not have any concern over data is to have no data at all. I think the system is there to say they have a system, but not to report any data that would undermine public support for nuclear power."

Hirsch—who is also president of the Committee to Bridge the Gap, a leading nuclear watchdog group in California—adds: "The Fukushima disaster is unlike any nuclear accident we have ever had. We haven't had anything that has gone on for a year. … The fuel has melted through, there are breaches at the con-

TYPES OF RADIOACTIVITY

The poisons unleashed by the Fukushima disaster include Iodine-131, cesium-137 and strontium-90. "Iodine-131 goes to the thyroid [gland] and causes thyroid cancer," toxicologist Dr. Janette Sherman explains. It has a relatively short half-life of eight days. (A half-life is the amount of time required for half of the atoms in a radioactive substance to disintegrate.) Multiply that time by 20 to determine when it has lost virtually all its radiation. For iodine-131, that would be 160 days.

"Cesium-137 causes cancer in the soft tissues—testicles, breasts, muscles," Dr. Sherman notes. It has a half-life of 30 years, so its "hazardous lifetime"—the period during which it is radioactive—is 600 years. "Strontium-90 goes to the bones and causes leukemia," she adds. It has a "hazardous lifetime" of 560 years. *—K.G.*

tainment structures, and there are constant radioactive releases." And, Hirsch warns, "Every amount of radiation exposure increases your risk of cancer. There is no safe level of radiation."

NEVER AGAIN

Arnie Gunderson, a nuclear engineer and head of Fairewinds Associates, says that "radioactive rain-outs" reaching the United States—and especially the West Coast—will continue because the Japanese are burning contaminated rubble in the disaster area.

Radioactive debris from Fukushima continues to move east across the Pacific, notes Dr. Leonard Coldwell, the author of numerous books, many dealing with cancer. His article "Coming to a Store Near You: Radioactive Fish?" addresses a major issue: the contamination of marine life as "the plume spreads across the Pacific, and as small fish get eaten by bigger fish." There is, he writes, a "bioaccumulation" of radioactivity—a concentration in larger fish.

Moreover, leaks abound involving the Fukushima plant's six nuclear reactor vessels and spent fuel pools. Large quantities of water continue to be pumped in to control the situation—with much of it running off into the adjoining sea, radiation-laced. And then it moves with the easterly ocean currents of the Pacific.

San Francisco-based Kimberly Roberson, founder of the Fukushima Fallout Awareness Network, is the author of a new book titled *Silence Deafening, Fukushima Fallout…a Mother's Response*. In it she writes: "The [media] silence after the earthquake, nuclear meltdown and tsunamis after Fukushima was truly deafening. … Knowing what I knew, and then seeing those facts be so thoroughly disregarded by the media and elected officials, had begun to take on a nightmare quality."

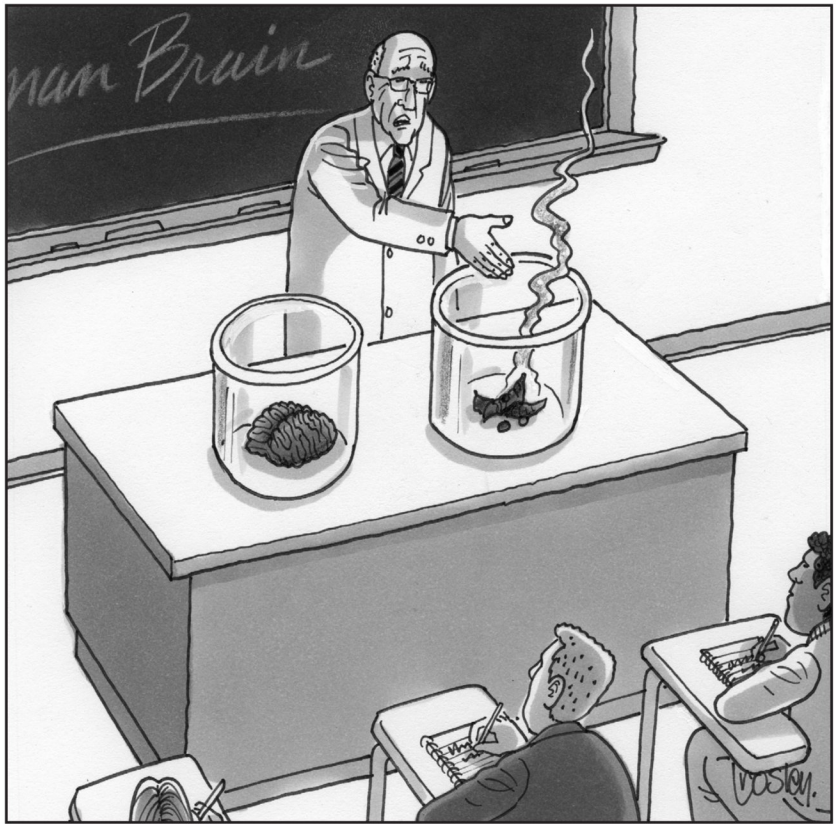
Nevertheless, Roberson continues, "Rather than recoil in fear…Fukushima only serves to empower us to further action."

Roberson adds, "When I think back to a year ago…life seemed somewhat innocent. Now that the planet and our lives have been forever changed, we must make sure [a nuclear disaster] never happens again."

We must fight to ensure there are no more Fukushimas. This means the shutdown of every nuclear power plant, a halt to building new ones and a rapid transition to safe, clean, renewable energy technologies that exist today and that can provide all the energy we need.

Karl Grossman is an investigative reporter, board member of Beyond Nuclear.org and professor of journalism at the State University of New York's The College at Old Westbury. His six books include *Cover Up: What You Are Not Supposed to Know About Nuclear Power*.

"I'm scheduled to appear on *Hardball* in two days, and I need you guys to tell me what I believe in!"



"However, here we have a human brain that was exposed to the latest prolonged media campaign of political bullshit..."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LADI VON JANSKY

I WANT
YOUR BODY
MISSY MARTINEZ

Missy Martinez was fascinated with the adult industry long before she started working in it. "Some friends and I went to Erotica LA—before it became Exxxotica—just as fans," **Missy** explains. "But all of these guys kept coming up to me asking for a picture. I had big boobs and a short dress, so they thought I was a performer. I guess that planted a seed in my mind!"

Missy broke into porn with a girl-girl scene. Although the rookie was nervous when the action started, she got over it quickly. "I just did to my partner what feels good for me, and it worked," **Missy** marvels. "Now I know I'm as bi as the day is long."

The luscious Latina is attracted to distinctive, exotic women (like Tera Patrick) and dudes who possess both a sense of humor and a strong jaw. "I've lived out a lot of my sexual fantasies," **Missy** confides, "but one I'm still looking to experience is the forced-orgasm thing. You're tied up, and someone makes you orgasm over and over again until you can't take it anymore or you cry uncle. I should've phrased that differently. I don't like using *uncle* and *orgasm* in the same sentence!"

Away from work, **Missy** enjoys hitting the beach, exercising and playing video games. "I'm a hardcore gamer," she reveals. "I love first-person shooters and role-playing games like *Tom Clancy's Ghost Recon* and *Max Payne*—anything violent and bloody. I'm really looking forward to *BioShock Infinite*."

While **Missy** plans on remaining in the XXX biz for "the long haul right now," she has an unusual backup plan. "I have an internship with a private autopsy service," **Missy** divulges. "I've worked on a few bodies. I've cleaned out cranial cavities and removed a pituitary gland, which is very exciting to me."

We'd let **Missy Martinez** clean our cranial cavity any time.

MISSY'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Los Angeles, California | AGE: 25 | BIRTH SIGN: Cancer | HEIGHT: 5-7 | WEIGHT: 130

A retired couple were celebrating their 40th wedding anniversary at a cozy restaurant. Suddenly a puff of smoke appeared. When it dissolved, a gorgeous fairy about as tall as a salt shaker was standing on the table. She looked up and announced, "For being such an exemplary married couple, I will grant you each a wish."

The wife—who was 62 years of age, just like her husband—exclaimed, "Oh, I want to travel around the world with my darling husband!" The fairy waved her magic wand and *poof!* Two tickets for a cruise liner's around-the-world voyage materialized in the wife's hands.

The husband pondered for a few moments. Then he looked at his wife and huffed, "Well, this is all very romantic, but an opportunity like this will never come again. I'm sorry, dear, but my wish is to have a wife who's 30 years younger than I am."

The wife and the fairy were deeply disappointed, but a wish is a wish. So the fairy waved her magic wand and *poof!* The husband instantly became 92 years old.

Question: What's the difference between a Harley and a Hoover?"

Answer: The location of the dirtbag.

Upon opening a long-awaited mail-order package, Gary yelped in joy. "Hey, Mary, my Olympic condoms finally arrived," he told his nympho girlfriend. "I'm gonna wear a gold one tonight."

"Why not wear a silver one?" Mary suggested. "You could come second for a change."

A bill collector went to the home of a hottie who had fallen behind on her furniture payments. "All right, young lady," the guy muttered as he stepped into her living room. "How about the next installment on your couch?"

The gal shrugged, then said, "I guess that's better than having to give you some money."

The poor country pastor was livid when he confronted his wife with the receipt for a $250 low-cut dress.

"How could you do this!" he bellowed.

"I don't know," the wife wailed. "I was just looking at the dress. Then I found myself trying it on. It was as if the devil were whispering to me, 'Gee, you look great in that dress. You should buy it.'"

"You know how to deal with the devil," the pastor persisted, "Just tell him, 'Get behind me, Satan!'"

"I did," the wife pleaded, "but then he told me the dress looked great from back there too!"

While sitting in his lawyer's office, Rodney was asked, "Do you want the bad news or the terrible news first?"

"Give me the bad news first."

"Your wife found a photograph worth a half-million dollars," the lawyer stated.

"That's the bad news?!" Rodney howled. "I can't wait to hear the terrible news."

"The photo in question shows you boning your mistress."

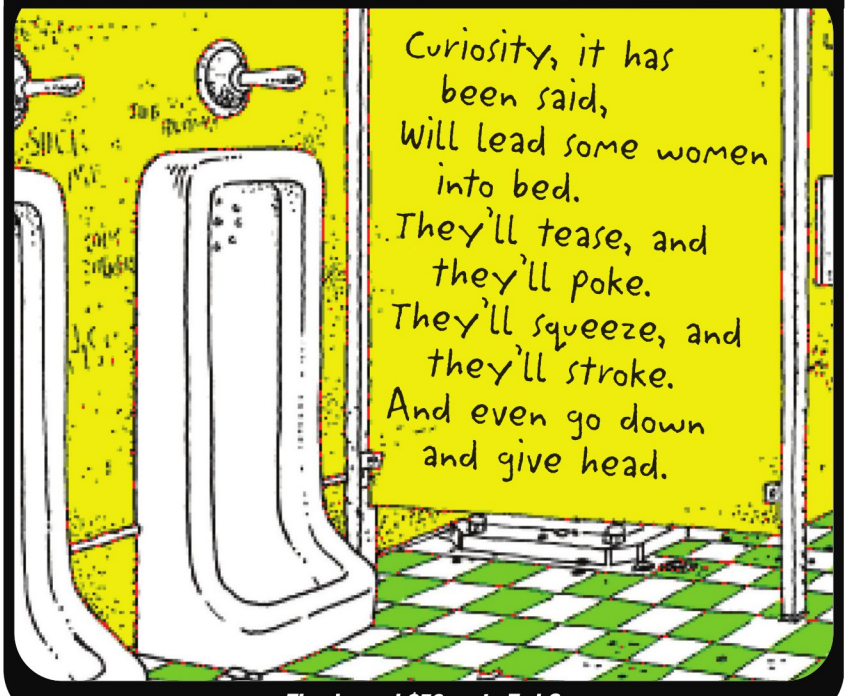
Question: What's the best thing about dating a homeless woman?

Answer: You can drop her off anywhere.

A husband and wife were watching a TV show exploring the phenomenon of "mixed emotions." In a matter of minutes the man of the house fumed, "This is an absolute bunch of crap! I bet you can't tell me anything that will make me happy and sad at the same time."

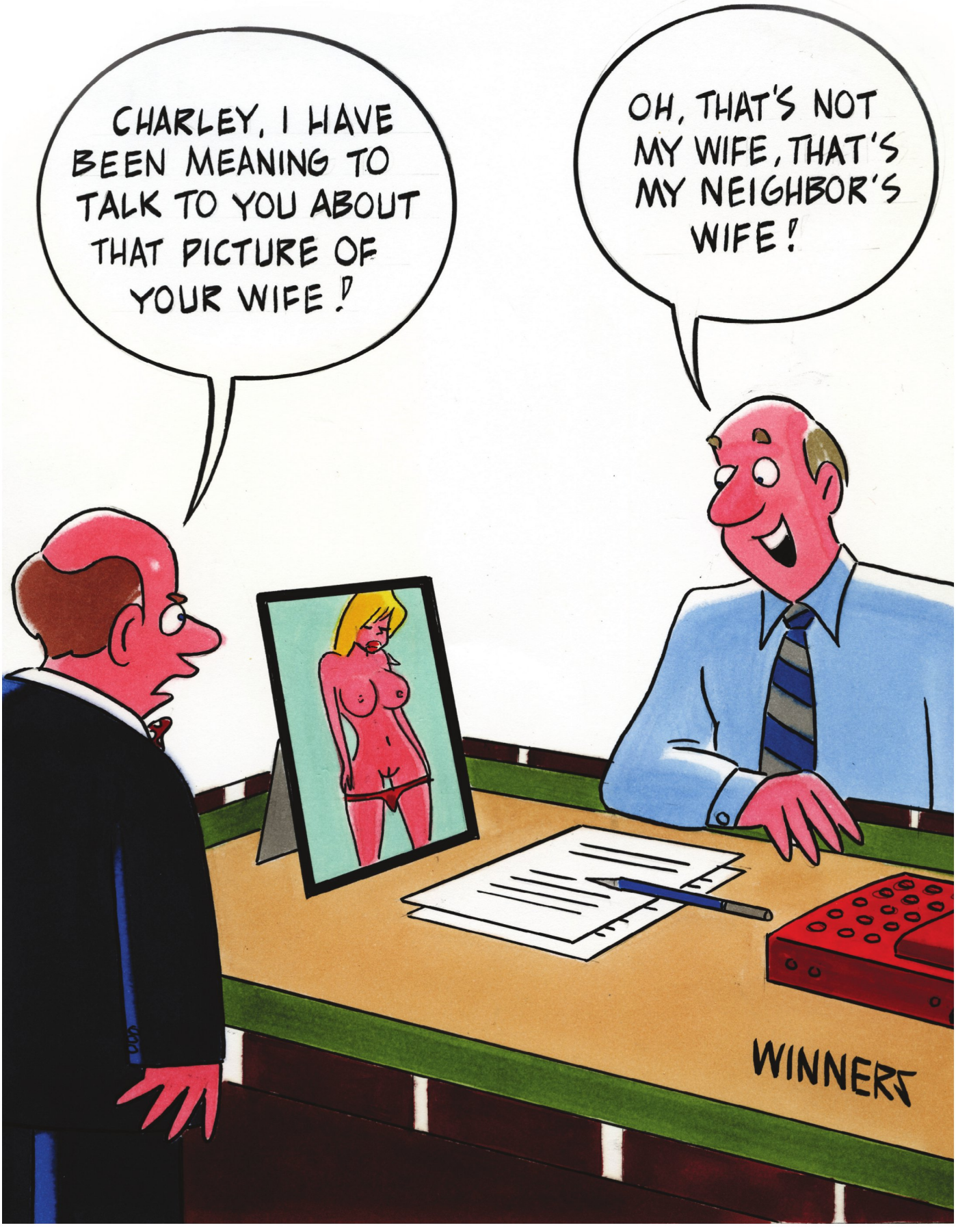
The wife's retort: "Out of all your friends, you have the biggest dick."

GRAFFILTHY


Curiosity, it has been said,
Will lead some women into bed.
They'll tease, and they'll poke.
They'll squeeze, and they'll stroke.
And even go down and give head.

Thanks and $50 go to Ted G.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com.* If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.


CHARLEY, I HAVE BEEN MEANING TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT THAT PICTURE OF YOUR WIFE!
OH, THAT'S NOT MY WIFE, THAT'S MY NEIGHBOR'S WIFE!
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THE FEARLESS LEAD SINGER OF ROCK'S MOST LEGENDARY GIRL BAND RIFFS ON SEX, DRUGS & CHAINSAWS

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

In 1975, Cherie Currie was an average music-loving 15-year-old Valley Girl sneaking into clubs on L.A.'s Sunset Strip. Then fate (and Joan Jett) changed her life forever. Under the twisted guidance of producer Kim Fowley, Currie became lead singer of the all-female group the Runaways. The underage band—which also featured Jett, Lita Ford, Jackie Fox and Sandy West—went on to international stardom. Soon the pressure, abuse and drugs started to take their toll. After just three albums, Currie—raped, addicted and broke—left the Runaways.

Currie tried to launch a solo singing and acting career. Sadly, her efforts were sidelined by out-of-control drug usage. At an age when most people are hitting their stride, 24-year-old Cherie Currie hit rock bottom.

Years of self-reflection and sobriety helped bring the now-fiftysomething (and still-stunning) Currie back into the spotlight to enjoy a resurgence. Her best-selling book *Neon Angel: A Memoir of a Runaway* was the basis for the hit biopic *The Runaways*, and she recently enlisted some of her famous friends to record a much-welcomed album.

Cherie Currie stopped by HUSTLER to talk with entertainment reporter Keith Valcourt about her Runaways past, the comeback record, carving art with a chainsaw and some advice for her 15-year-old self.

HUSTLER: How close was *The Runaways* movie to the truth?

CHERIE CURRIE: I'm going to quote Joan Jett on this. She said, "It's not like I ran out in the street after seeing the movie and said, 'My God, they got it so wrong!'" They had to take liberties to fit two and a half years of craziness into an hour and a half. [Director] Floria Sigismondi, who wrote the script, had her ideas and her dream of the movie. Of course, I would have done it a little different. I would have included the time we were

CHERIE

THE RUNAWAY RETURNS

CURRIE

in Europe and were arrested and some of the really serious and crazy stuff that went on. I was so happy with the performances in the film. I thought it was funny. Floria did a really good job.

Were there any moments in the film you thought were too Hollywood?

I don't think so. I never thought she overdid it at all. People would probably think the scene where Dakota [*Fanning, who portrayed Currie*] was stumbling around in the supermarket was too much, but that moment actually happened. Dakota nailed it. She's one of my favorite actresses ever.

Did you give her any advice?

I was on the set a lot, and Dakota really wanted me there all the time. There was one particular scene she was doing at the end when her character is getting ready to quit the band. She thought that she wouldn't be very upset. I told her that it was devastating for me when this happened. She took that advice and nailed it.

Was it odd to see your life depicted on the silver screen?

I'm still numb to it. There must be something wrong with me. I've tried, but when I watch the film, I haven't fully grasped the fact that it was *my* life.

Did the Runaways have groupies?

Not that I can remember. (*Laughs.*) Doesn't mean it didn't happen though.

In your opinion was Kim Fowley, the producer who assembled the band, a creative genius or a creepy, abusive predator?

He was a creative genius. As for him being a predator? If he was, he kept that to himself. We had a couple of run-ins where I saw him being promiscuous, and it grossed me out. He was very standoffish with us. He knew better.

In *Neon Angel* you recount Fowley forcing the band to watch him having sex. Did that really happen? And, if so, didn't you think to get the hell away from him?

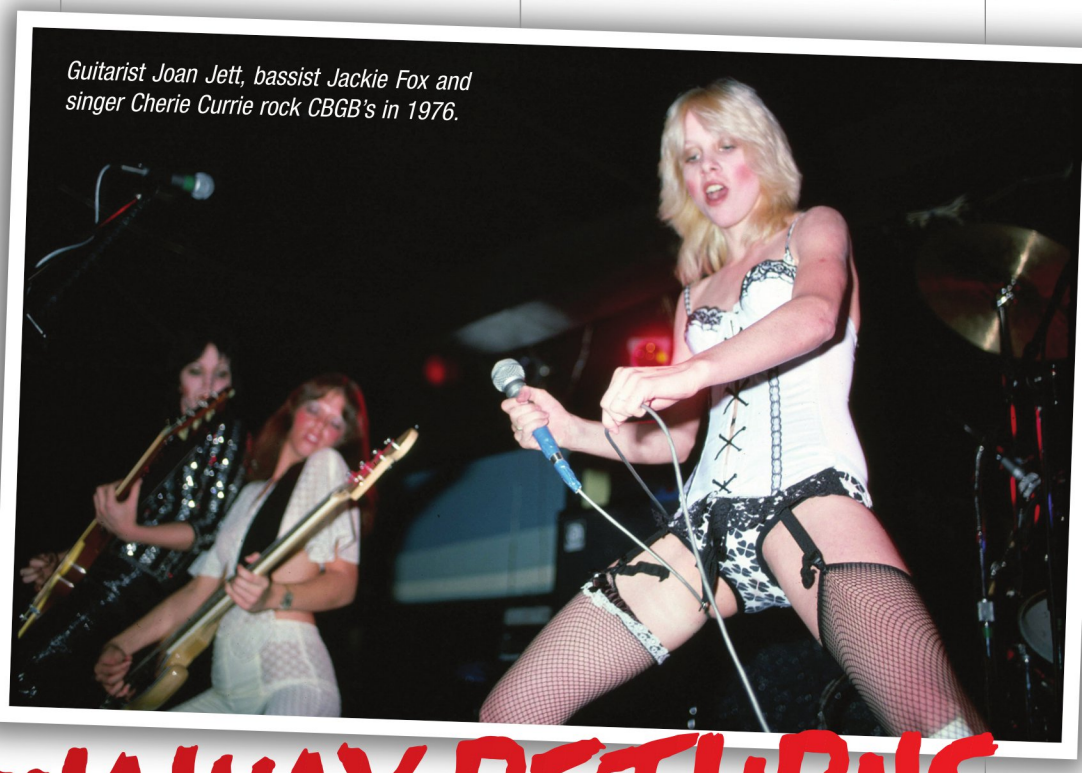
It did happen. It was a pretty sickening experience, but you also have to accept that this was life in rock 'n' roll. It happened very early on in our career. What was I gonna do? Say "I gotta get away from this guy and not continue this dream of being in this band with the girls"? No. I wanted to be cool and tough and fit in, but that experience was hard to stomach.

Was Lita Ford as much of a bitch as she seemed in your book and the movie?

Me and Lita just reconciled about four weeks ago. It was the first time I had seen her in 30-some-odd years. We met, just the two of us alone. We walked and talked and went to dinner. We talked about our kids and about the Runaways and what a great band it was. We talked about how much we really want to make music again. I would love to be onstage with her. Lita feels the same way, so we're hoping that the stars align and we can make this happen because the fans deserve it.

Is a Runaways reunion possible?

I would love that. Lita would love that. I think Joan would too. I know we lost Sandy [*West, the Runaways' drummer, who died of lung cancer in 2006*]. And that's rough. But



Guitarist Joan Jett, bassist Jackie Fox and singer Cherie Currie rock CBGB's in 1976.

PHOTO BY REDFERNS

PHOTO COURTESY BLACKHEART MANAGEMENT

Cherie Currie is creating a buzz with her chainsaw carvings.

still, I would love to have a backdrop of her playing behind us for the whole show. The thing is Sandy would have wanted it as well. Sandy was an amazing human being. I really miss her. She was the closest to me after the band broke up. We continued to do shows together. It's a tragedy that she didn't get to see this resurgence, but I know she's around. Her spirit is with us.

What about Runaways bass players Jackie Fox and Vicki Blue?

Jackie just reached out to have lunch with me, which I'm going to do. Vicki and I don't really speak. I never stepped on a stage with her. She joined the band after I left. There's no bad blood there. I have issues with her Runaways documentary *Edgeplay*, but it's my fault because I did it on a handshake agreement. Promises were made that she didn't follow up on. We weren't paid, but that wasn't the issue. The issue was having some involvement in the editing, and that didn't happen.

One scene in the film that got people talking showed you and Joan Jett having sex. Were you and your bandmates sexually experimenting with each other, and was that a result of the drugs?

Drugs and drinking promote things. You should know better than us girls. Back then it was the '70s. I was 15; Joan was 16. That kind of experimentation was happening all around. Bowie and Elton John and all that stuff. It was just fun and games. Nobody got hurt, and I wouldn't take it back.

David Bowie was a huge influence on you, and in your book you said you wanted to be him. Had Bowie not existed, do you think you would have had a career in music?

No, I don't. Talk about stars aligning perfectly. I had just seen him live during the *Diamond Dogs* tour. As I said in the book, I stood there in the audience, and it was like a lightning bolt hit me. I knew what I was supposed to do. Within a month I met Joan and Kim, and the ball just rolled.

What was meeting Bowie like?

I met him just once, and it's still a blur to me. If I met him again now, I think I would faint. (*Laughs.*)

You survived some pretty horrific things. What is it that enabled you to fight back and heal?

What other choice is there, really? I don't know if it was the way I was raised. My dad was a Marine in World War II, and he told me about the horrible things he went through. There are women who have been through worse things than me. There was a young girl who was kidnapped, and her attacker cut off her hands around the time my kidnapping and rape happened. When I saw she could survive that, I thought, *Who was I to be moaning?* She's my hero. I hope I can meet her someday because she inspired me.

How did you finally beat your addictions?

There wasn't any choice in the matter. In 1984, I was freebasing cocaine, and I was going down fast. I literally had that moment of clarity where I saw my reflection in the mirror for the first time. I was this ashen, gray, bony ghost. I was dying. It was that moment where I turned my life around.

What did you do in your years away from music?

The very first thing I did was work at the mall. I got a job folding towels at Lerner's and became assistant manager. I went from there to become a tech/drug counselor at Coldwater Canyon Hospital for a couple of years. Then I became a fitness trainer because you really burn out on the counseling. They don't recommend that you do it for more than a couple of years if you're a former addict. I got married [*to* Airplane! *star Robert Hays*] and became a mom, which is the most important thing. Then I started doing some drawing and painting. I ended up doing art for young adult books.

How did you become a chainsaw-carving artist?

I drove past a couple of guys chainsaw-carving at the side of the road, and I couldn't get it out of my mind. I went back there, and this voice in my head said, "You can do this." I've been doing it ever since.

How do you turn wood into art?

Usually people want something specific, so I look at the log. Sometimes I sketch something or have my son [*Jake Hays*] sketch for me. Most times you just see it sitting there in the woods. You start at the top and work your way down. My specialty is sea life and mermaids.

Why have you decided to give music another shot?

I played a show opening for Joan [*Orange County Fair in August 2010*], and I hadn't been onstage in years. I didn't expect that I was going to fall back into it the way I did. It was a magical night with 9,000 people. The reaction was magical. So I thought, *Why not?*

Who's on the new album?

Matt Sorum [*Guns N' Roses/Velvet Revolver*] produced it. Billy Corgan [*Smashing Pumpkins*] wrote a song and sings on it. The Veronicas, Juliette Lewis and Brody Dalle [*Distillers*]. Brody and I cover the Runaways' "Queens of Noise." On that song, Matt wanted it to be a tribute to Sandy's drumming, so he played it exactly as Sandy had. The guitars are a little more ballsy. It's a kickass record.

It would be really nice if something happens with it, but I don't expect it. I'm not banking on it. I'll always have my chainsaw.

You made two solo albums in the past but admitted they weren't the records you wanted to create. Is this new CD finally the one you've always wanted to make?

Yes. I've had to give a lot of the power over to Matt, but I trust him to make this the record I want it to be. We haven't picked a title yet. My son and I just wrote a song for a film. We're going to add it to the album, which I hope to have out by late summer.

Did Corgan write the song "Boulevard of Splendor" for you?

Yes. Billy Corgan, what a sweetheart. I was pretty surprised that he would be as forthcoming with his amazing talent as he was for me. He really wanted to be involved in the record. I'm very grateful.

Will you tour?

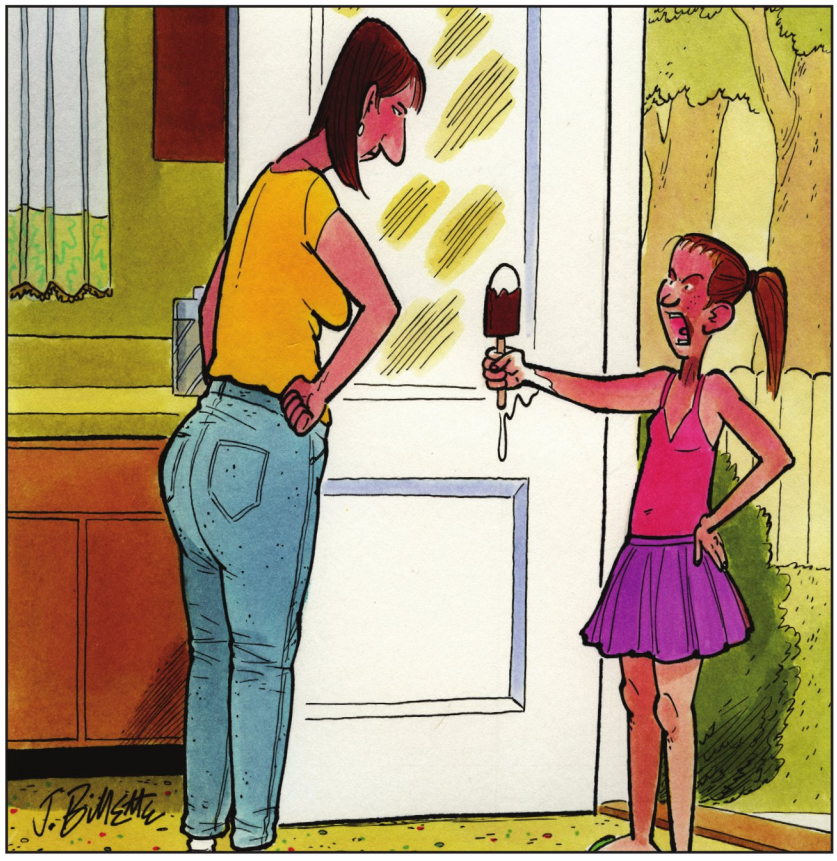
Yes. It's got to happen. Jake will be with me again on guitar. I get so elated by seeing my son onstage with me, to be able to share the experience with him—a positive thing instead of going through what I went through. My son is so much more talented than me and Bob [*ex-husband Robert Hays*] put together.

Will you also give acting another shot?

Why not? Sure! I'm open to anything. You only live once. I'm not jaded. I'm just a chainsaw carver from the [San Fernando] Valley.

If you could go back in time, what advice would you give to your 15-year-old self?

"NOOOOOOOOOOOO! You're not ready to do it!" Oh my God! In retrospect, though, I would say, "You've done good. You're still doing good."



"I did not spend my allowance! The registered sex offender from down the street bought it for me!"

"Looks like fun! Shall we join them?!"

HARDCORE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

***Boot** it up: Drill sarge Tory Lane tears Amy Brooke and Jayden Lee a new one.*

Anal Boot Camp

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. DIRECTOR: JULES JORDAN. STARRING: TORY LANE, AMY BROOKE, EVA ANGELINA, LILY CARTER, KRISTINA ROSE, CHASTITY LYNN, JAYDEN LEE, LISA ANN, NACHO VIDAL, MR. PETE, STEVE HOLMES, CHRIS STROKES, MARK WOOD & JULES JORDAN.

You can argue with a title like *Anal Boot Camp*, but you won't win, will you, maggot? Say "Sir, no sir!" Drill Sergeant Tory Lane, doing her U.S. Army uniform proud, kicks off this glut of rectal humiliation by showing blond recruit Amy Brooke what she signed up for: the kind of dignity-free butthole punishment no self-esteem can survive. Sergeant Tory joins in for a strap-on, DP threeway that the military will probably study for training ideas. MILF phenom Lisa Ann inspects the troops with the inside of her ass (and every other hole) in a gang bang that would make the best recruitment ad of all time. Tory comes back to make sure Asian cutie Jayden Lee gets the dick-whipping of her life, sexy-as-shit Eva Angelina puts cute Lily Carter through her own personal meatgrinder, and booty wonder Kristina Rose dismantles poor Chastity Lynn. All jaw-dropping stuff. It's astounding what willpower can do. If you like the kind of rough, nasty butt-fucking that separates the troops from the trash, sign up for this. And pray you survive. ***—M.J.***

Lisa Ann and Chastity Lynn (below, with a ballsy Kristina Rose) set up ***Camp****.*

THIS MONTH'S MASTER STROKE

Vampire *A-listers Ash, Amber and April party as Britney Amber (bottom left) gets staked.*

Buffy *(Lexi Belle) and Willow (Jessie Andrews, bottom) keep the student body alive.*

Buffy the Vampire Slayer XXX

ADAM & EVE PICTURES. DIRECTOR: LEE ROY MYERS. STARRING: LEXI BELLE, JESSIE ANDREWS, ASH HOLLYWOOD, APRIL O'NEIL, AMBER RAYNE, CHANEL PRESTON, BRITNEY AMBER, ROCCO REED, KRIS SLATER, TOM BYRON & MICHAEL VEGAS.

Lexi Belle is the Sarah Michelle Gellar of porn, so the casting alone earns this spoof a stake-hard erection. But here's something you never expected: It's actually pretty funny too (well, sometimes). Lexi is the Slayer everyone wanted a piece of. She's as cute and fuckable as you could ask for, plus she throws a mean roundhouse and even simulates the character's creeping melancholy pretty well. But Lexi is arguably upstaged by spunky Jessie Andrews as sidekick Willow. Jessie is one of those fuck talents that porn (a veritable haven for bloodsuckers) doesn't deserve but gets anyway. She even squeezes a surplus of charm out of her amateur acting talents. Stocked with loads of tasty flesh—Ash Hollywood and her vamp gang are fun, Britney Amber is a blond-bimbo wet dream, and Chanel Preston is just plain magical—this flick could have sucked a whole lot worse. (Get it, sucked? Vampires? Whatever.) ***—M.J.***

Valerie Kay, Kristina Rose and Laurie Vargas (bottom) ***Spread*** *themselves thick.*

Thick Latin Ass Spread

WEST COAST PRODUCTIONS. DIRECTOR: TB. STARRING: VALERIE KAY, REENA SKY, LAURIE VARGAS, AVA ANGEL, KRISTINA ROSE, FLASH BROWN, JON JON, RAY BLACK, RICO STRONG & LEXINGTON STEELE.

There's probably over a quarter ton of womanflesh in this picture. Can you handle that much prime, grade-A Latina? Reena Sky sets the tone: generous light-brown booty that jiggles bigger the harder you fuck it. Reena's a hot tamale (to use a gratuitous race reference), but squat little Valerie Kay's ample buttcheeks are the ones that give this movie real profundity. She's like a ripe, juicy pear with a take-me sign on it. Sweet Laurie Vargas makes an endearing appearance as well. All of the ladies on this disc swallow plenty of big black blood sausage, but Laurie takes the title seriously and offers up the back door to her *ass-ienda*. *Muchas gracias*, girl. Pretty Ava Angel rounds out the disc with a slight passion deficit, but Kristina Rose (who you may not realize is actually Hispanic) nails the sales perk, dragging her fine backside over to Lexington Steele's place for a bonus-scene butt-fucking that she probably felt tickle the bottom of her heart. If you need to see well-fed Latina *culo* reamed and creamed (and who doesn't once in a while?), consider this review a weighty, ass-smacking endorsement. ***—M.J.***

***Experience**: Amia Miley (lapped by Aiden Ashley), Jana Jordan (pegged by Shazia Sahari) and Angela Sommers (tasted by Haley Sweet) pad their résumés.*

My First Lesbian Experience, Vol. 2

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: STURT CANTERBURY. STARRING: AMIA MILEY, AIDEN ASHLEY, ANGELA SOMMERS, HALEY SWEET, SASHA HEART, KARINA KAY, SHAZIA SAHARI & JANA JORDAN.

The second volume of HUSTLER's new twat-to-twat series is as hot as the first. No shit, you say, because this is a review about a HUSTLER movie in fucking HUSTLER Magazine! Well observed. But consider these arguments: bratty Amia Miley in a schoolgirl uniform being cunnilingually corrupted and clit-humped by Aiden Ashley. (If you haven't stroked it to Amia yet, you will.) Then a couple of trashy romps with girls who look close enough to average to boost the illusion that this could be happening in any bedroom or locker room in Anytown, USA. If you think that sounds like a roundabout way of saying the chicks could be hotter, we can always pull out the tried-and-true "girl next door" argument. Now for the most compelling argument of all: exotic work of art Shazia Sahari, an allegedly Saudi-Pakistani blend of knee-weakening beauty. Her mutual dildo and tongue work with Jana Jordan is more subtle than wild, but for our money, Shazia could be lecturing about the evils of lesbianism at the local church and we'd still be stroking it like a demon on bath salts. Now *that* would be an experience. Order this now on page 104. ***—M.J.***

In Her Head

VIVID VIDEO. DIRECTOR: DAVID STANLEY. STARRING: LEXI BELLE, TATI RUSSO, TAYLOR RUSSO, ANTHONY ROSANO, BARRY SCOTT, JERRY, XANDER CORVUS & EVAN STONE.

The hardcore psycho thriller is one of your more plausible porn genres. It's no stretch to think that a woman who lives in a world of sexual excess on a daily basis is batshit crazy or on her way there. Lexi Belle hurls her naked little self into this role fairly convincingly, gyrating her cunt on faces and dicks as though her sanity depended on it—which it probably does. She's been a little on edge lately, terrified of going outside because of the evil twins out there who want her stolen cash. Are they in her head? Who cares, as long as they're in the movie! Tati and Taylor Russo are porn's weird Russian identicals who manage to be creepy and fuckable at the same time. Their double-vision dick work is hypnotizing, but it's their girl gangup on Lexi that really gives you what you want. How does porn always read our minds like that? Freaky. *In Her Head* has tandem tarts, loads of Lexi (taking loads) and doesn't take itself too seriously. It's true some chicks are total head trips, but it ain't always a bad thing. ***—M.J.***

*Starlets Lexi Belle and the Russo twins get new **Head** shots.*

BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

Coeds: Send us some sexy pictures and garner some handy financial assistance! To apply, follow the instructions on the form on page 103 and indicate **Real College Girls** on submission envelope.

JAZLYN RAE

FASHION INSTITUTE OF DESIGN AND MERCHANDISING

Since this standout skin-mag newcomer hails from academia, here's a little pop quiz. What's most important to Jazlyn Rae when it comes to dating? Spoiler alert: It isn't a flashy car or a nine-inch nail. "I like a true gentleman," the 20-year-old reveals. "I'm always impressed when my dates open doors for me. I like someone who can be humble."

Humble indeed. Anyone who takes out the 5-foot-0 hellcat might have to take a backseat to her covergirl looks and attention-getting body. But the lifelong Southern Californian learned early on that beauty can go only so far. That's why she's hellbent on pursuing a behind-the-scenes career in Hollywood.

"I'm a fashion-design major," says Jazlyn, a second-year student at FIDM's Orange County campus. "My goal is to do hair, makeup and styling for the film industry. I can't wait to finish school."

Although graduating is her top priority, Jazlyn finds time to hang out with her gal pals—doing "girly stuff"—and to engage in wilder extracurricular activities. "I love to shop, and so do my girlfriends," Jazlyn tells us. "We love to hit up all the cool boutiques in L.A. Fashion is a huge part of my life."

Dressing up is also a big part of Jazlyn's sex life. "I act out all my fantasies," she confides. "Wearing different outfits and role-playing in the bedroom is my favorite! And getting eaten out right!"

PHOTOS BY CASPER MUNOZ PHOTOGRAPHY

HUMP DAY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

EMMA MAE

Feeling that it was time to add some spontaneity to her life, hard-working Amy (**Emma Mae**) decided to call in sick first thing Wednesday morning. But it wasn't until the diminutive darling took the last bite of a leisurely brunch that she came up with the perfect way to spend her rare work time off.

"I'm going to get laid today," Amy told the waiter (**Otto Bauer**) when he delivered the check. "I don't know how I'm going to pull it off, but somehow—"

"I'd be glad to volunteer," the waiter interjected. "Give me a couple of minutes."

As soon as he returned, it took no effort at all to lure Amy to his nearby loft apartment. Five minutes after they walked through the door, their clothes were in a heap on the floor. Once the sucking and fucking started, Amy lost all track of time.

When Amy finally glanced at a clock, she was stunned to see that it was almost 9 o'clock on Thursday morning. She and her full-service stud had screwed away a whole afternoon and night! Looking for her cellphone, Amy told the waiter, "Give me a couple of minutes. I need to call in sick again."

For more Emma Mae, we recommend *Barely Legal #111*, available from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit **HustlerStore.com** or go to page 104 to order by mail.

"Dad, stop telling everyone that you fucked Mom to death!"

BY KIMBERLY CHENG

NEXT STOP HOLLYWOOD?

HONG KONG'S HOTTEST STARS

China—the largest foreign holder of U.S. Treasury bills, bonds and other securities—has blasted our country's irresponsible spending habits, demanding that the United States "cure its addiction to debts." Well, many Americans have another addiction—to Asian women.

Asians as a whole are notoriously known for three things: good grades, bad driving and alluring, mysterious women. There's something about those almond eyes, jet-black hair, porcelain skin and petite figures that drives men crazy. Add to that the common notion that Asian gals are obedient and kinky, and it's easy to understand why a term was coined for this ethnic obsession: yellow fever.

Even if attractive young women make up a mere 1% of China's 1.3 billion population, the country would boast a staggering 10.3 million beauties. So it was a tough undertaking to narrow our list of breathtaking Chinese actresses. Let's just say that they're all as sexy and talented as a handful who've already caught the eye of Hollywood producers. Unless you've been living under a rock, you know Lucy Liu from the *Charlie's Angel* movies, *Kill Bill* and other roles. You may even be familiar with Kelly Hu (*The Scorpion King*), Zhang Ziyi (*Memoirs of a Geisha*) or Michelle Yeoh (*007: Tomorrow Never Dies*). Showcased here are five A-list Hong Kong-based thespians who are virtually unknown on this side of the Pacific but primed for success in Hollywood.

Tavia Yeung

Like most actresses working in Hong Kong—China's Hollywood and her birthplace—Tavia Yeung, 33, is under contract with Television Broadcast Limited (TVB). The luscious-lipped stunner has received many accolades, including the Yahoo! Asia Buzz Award for Most Searched TV Female Hong Kong Artist.

Since Yeung graduated from the TVB Artistes Training Course in 1998, her acting chops have taken considerable flight. She's heated up the screen in several popular Hong Kong TV series—most impressively *Beyond the Realm of*

Tavia Yeung

Linda Chung

ALL PHOTOS BY GETTY IMAGES EXCEPT WHERE NOTED

FIVE RED-HOT CHINESE ACTRESSES MOST

Conscience and *Moonlight Resonance*, the latter of which won her a TVB Award for Best Supporting Actress. In fact, some of TVB's highest-rated series star Yeung, whose girl-next-door image is highly coveted in Chinese historical dramas. Unlike her four counterparts, Yeung isn't fluent in English or a former beauty-pageant contestant.

Linda Chung

Beauty-pageant triumphs are part of the formula for showbiz women making it big in China. The majority of prominent Chinese actresses are Miss Hong Kong or Miss China International titleholders. It's a good way to ensure that the faces plastered on the TV or big screen are the crème de la crème.

Born and raised in Canada, the always-charming Linda Chung jump-started her career by garnering the Miss Chinese Vancouver crown in 2003. The following year she entered the Miss China International competition in Hong Kong and won. That's when Chung permanently relocated to the entertainment mecca and signed with TVB, which immediately named her one of its 12 new stars to watch. Award-winning director Gordan Chan has classified the 28-year-old as one of Hong Kong's best actresses.

Currently the youngest A-list actress signed with TVB, Chung has won dozens of awards for her acting and singing. (Two of her albums are certified gold.) Her most recent castings include the TV drama *Yes, Sir. Sorry, Sir!* and the film *72 Tenants of Prosperity*, which also starred Kate Tsui, Fala Chen and Bernice Liu.

Bernice Liu

Also hailing from Canada, Bernice Liu majored in business administration at the University of British Columbia. However, one of the degree requirements was being bilingual. With minimal fluency, Liu decided the quickest way to learn Cantonese was to

PHOTO BY SKY-IMAGINECHINA

PHOTO BY REUTERS/KIN CHEUNG

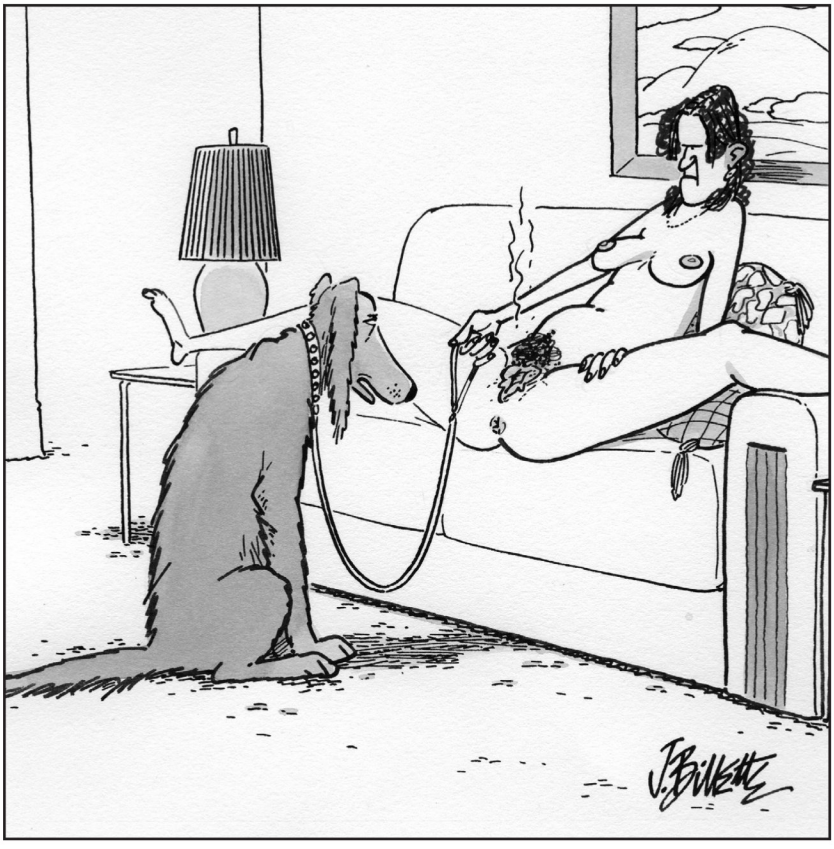
Bernice Liu

Kate Tsui

Fala Chen

LIKELY TO LAND ROLES IN AMERICAN FILMS.

"Absolutely, sir. All of our soiled panties are guaranteed to be worn by females!"



"I don't believe licking nasty pussy is in my job description!"

enter the Miss Chinese Vancouver pageant. She took the title in 2000. A year later, Liu was crowned Miss China International. Incidentally, she never graduated from UBC.

But Liu—who has been dubbed "Princess" by the media as well as her burgeoning fan base—is used to coming out on top. In 2006 the award-winning actress and singer became the face of Nike, making her the company's first Asian spokesperson. Liu, 33, has starred in the hit series *Virtues of Harmony*, *Golden Faith* and *Steps*. She remains one of the highest-paid celebrities in Hong Kong.

Kate Tsui

Resembling an Asian Kate Beckinsale, Hong Kong-born Kate Tsui graduated from the University of California, Davis, with a bachelor's degree in Japanese. Tsui, 32, has appeared in 11 films—the most of our five Chinese hotties. Gaining early recognition, she won Best New Performer during the 27th Hong Kong Film Awards for her turn as Piggy in *Eye in the Sky*. Her film credits also include *72 Tenants of Prosperity*, *14 Blades* and *Perfect Wedding*. Tsiu's gold-certified debut album, *Kiss Me Kate*, earned her the 2009 IFPI (International Federation of the Phonographic Industry) Best-Selling Local Female Newcomer award.

An avid snowboarder and dancer (fulfilling a childhood dream), Tsui was not only crowned Miss Hong Kong 2004 but the lithe beauty was also named Miss Photogenic, Miss International Goodwill and most fit. But Tsui fell short in the 2005 Miss Chinese International pageant, only placing in the top five. Fala Chen was the first runner-up.

Fala Chen

Born in China's Sichuan Province, Fala Chen was 15 when she and her mother emigrated to Georgia. The avid bookworm started entering beauty pageants during her freshman year at Atlanta's Emory University, where she eventually graduated with a bachelor's degree in marketing and international business. At the ripe age of 20, representing Georgia, Chen was crowned Miss Asian America 2002. After also prevailing at the 2004 Miss New York Chinese pageant, she was on the fast track toward fame.

The 30-year-old's acting abilities have always been above par, so much so that an early turn as the antagonist, Carmen, in TVB's *Steps* caused the public to hate her in real life. Chen even mastered sign language for her breakthrough role as the mute Gam Wing Hin in *Moonlight Resonance*. Her performance was met with critical acclaim. Since then, Chen—a two-time TVB Best Supporting Actress—has starred in more than a dozen hit films and TV shows.

"Good...Good...Now notice how the nagging has stopped."

BEAVER HUNT

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

"When I see a younger man, I wonder what it would be like with my legs wrapped around his head while he sucks my clit ring deep into his mouth and caresses my labia with his tongue."

CRYSTAL TAYLOR

This 48-year-old housewife from Del Mar, California, has experienced an array of unforgettable "life events" since losing her virginity the weekend of a Styx concert in the early 1980s. Here's a doozy. "One night, stark naked and facing backward," Crystal Taylor recalls, "I was impaled upon a harness-racing driver's horse cock while we circled a mile-long track on a sulky. Then someone turned on the lights as we headed toward the finish line!" Crystal's latest public escapade is an illuminating jaunt to *Beaver Hunt*. "I want to see how many men, including my husband, I can get off doing this," the 5-foot-6 fishing, hunting and cooking enthusiast imparts. "I spend as much time as I can around home, or other places, naked when possible. I'm very sexual, sensual and unbashful." But Crystal enjoys brief respites. "I love *ER*, *Dog Whisperer* and the History Channel," she specifies. "And hubby and I spend quality time watching HUSTLER TV right before we go to bed to get the juices flowing. I'm a slave to oral sex—receiving it, that is. We also love freeway sex, and I'm not just talking about fellatio. Sometimes I'll slip out of my shorts, then straddle hubby while he's driving." A true adventuress, Crystal has a bucket list of fantasies encompassing "sex in places where you can look down on the world below—trees, mountaintops, 747s, bridges and the observation deck of the Stratosphere in Las Vegas." —Photos by Husband

LANI

"I like to be seductive, mysterious and romantic in the bedroom, but being in front of a camera makes me feel extra-sexy," reckons Lani, 22, an office worker from Kailua-Kona, Hawaii. "Every girl should model nude at least once in her lifetime." And every *Beaver Hunt* roundup should have at least one sexy rookie who isn't hesitant to splay—and talk openly about—her nookie. "I love to have my boobs caressed," the 5-foot-5 beach and reality-show buff reveals, "but I get super-heated-up when a guy rubs his dick on my clit before he slips it into my kitty kat!" Lani—who prefers to be on top and once centered a two-dude threesome "after watching some pornos"—muses, "I hope lots of HUSTLER readers rub their dicks when they see my pics." —Photos by Friend

GYPSY

"Posing naked for HUSTLER was something new and fun to do," declares Gypsy, a longtime stripper and "devoted girlfriend" from Waco, Texas. It's also entitled the "outgoing, resourceful, creative, book-smart, street-smart, funny-at-times and straightforward" 40-year-old to detail what she relishes away from the brass pole. "My hobbies are painting, drawing and making the outfits I dance in," Gypsy discloses. "My fave TV show is *Sons of Anarchy*, and my fave band is Black Label Society. But sex is my fave daily activity. I love to have it whenever and wherever I want—like sitting on my boyfriend's cock while he's driving. I'm bi, very seductive and a little aggressive. I really love being eaten—that's why I always shave my pussy—and finishing up with me on top." The 5-foot-6 newbie's top fantasy is "to pick up a hitchhiker or someone I don't know and fuck the shit out of him." —Photos by Friend

"I've loved being in my birthday suit for as long as I can remember."

LANE ELIZABETH

"I love flashing my boobs at Mardi Gras and showing the whole enchilada everywhere else," trumpets mesmerizing Lane Elizabeth, a "sweet party girl" and die-hard exhibitionist out of Mesquite, Texas. We're tickled pink that "everywhere else" includes periodic peeks in the certified hottie's favorite skin mag, which rewards its immodest revelers with moolah, not beads. But Lane, who'll be blowing out 29 birthday candles in January, is eye candy with a twist. "I'm a marshmallow fanatic," the 5-foot-8 morsel relates. She's also a "shopping, clubbing, movies, *Dr. Phil* and going out to eat" aficionada with a hearty sexual appetite. "I'm bi but partial to the penis," Lane fesses up. "I'm also very dominant, and everything I do in bed and other places can get kinky. Here's one of my kicks. I put a collar around a guy's neck and 'walk' him to my pussy." Now Lane hopes to collar a Beaver's loftiest goal: "I'd love to be picked for a layout worth up to $2,500." Hey, folks, is Lane Elizabeth worthy? —Photos by Friend

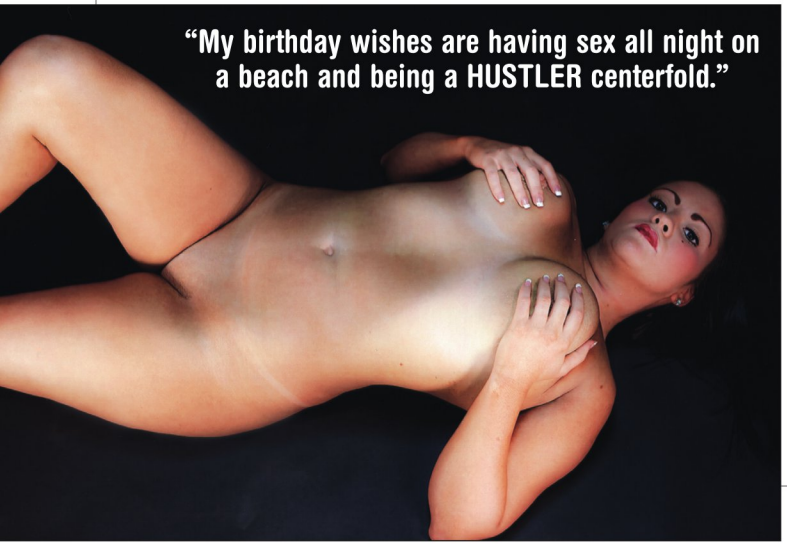
"If I get to be a layout model, I'd like to thank Larry Flynt by stepping into his office—butt naked!"

AUSTIN

"I've always wanted to be in HUSTLER as long as I can remember," coos Austin, 24, a "bubbly, random, spur-of-the-moment and caring" topless dancer from Austin, Texas. Besides displaying her bare body—kindly stuffing toys into a pair of orifices to boot—the 5-foot-9 "sunbathing nude at Hippie Hollow" devotee bares more nifty stuff: "I'm primarily straight. It depends on how much I've had to drink. I like foreplay the most 'cause it's getting there that's fun, and my favorite position is doggy-style. My only fetishes are bondage, men with muscles and military guys. I'm proud to say I've had sex with a sergeant on top of a tank!" Also commanding Austin's attention are TV's *True Blood*, flicks (led by *Blow*, *Super Troopers* and *The Boondock Saints*), music (Rob Zombie, Rihanna, Metallica, Static-X and Lil Wyte among others) and astrology. "There's more to it than people realize," asserts Austin, who dreams of "fucking a hot police officer who pulls me over and doesn't give me a ticket." —Photos by Ron Neumann

JENNIFER DENISE

"Letting an audience see me without clothes on isn't my style anymore, but life is much too short," professes Jacksonville, Florida's "bubbly and outgoing" Jennifer Denise. "So why not? I'm a medical assistant, and I'd never have been one if I hadn't worked my way through college as a stripper. Now I want to show the world how a former tomboy has blossomed into a true-blue girly girl. Sorry my pictures aren't hardcore, but I don't think it's a sin to leave a little to the imagination." A wee 4-foot-11, Jennifer Denise may be cootershy, but the *Dukes of Hazzard* fan and January birthday celebrant—she'll be 30—vigorously unveils her metamorphosis: "I'm a good ol' girl born and raised out in the country. When I was growing up, I did a lot of hunting, fishing, horseback riding and four-wheeling. I also studied a lot, and kids picked on me because of my frizzy hair and glasses. I went to a private school and got married at 18. I was divorced by 21. Now I'm bisexual and dominant. I love hot blondes and being on top of my bedmates so I can be in control." For the record: While driving to work, kicking back or screwing around, Jennifer Denise digs country crooners—especially Hank Williams Jr., Merle Haggard and Waylon Jennings—and Southern-rock icons Molly Hatchet, the Allman Brothers and the Marshall Tucker Band. —Photos by Friend



"My birthday wishes are having sex all night on a beach and being a HUSTLER centerfold."

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If so, our world-famous *Beaver Hunt* and *Real College Girls* showcases want you! Every gal whose image is printed as a monthly selection gets $250 and a chance at posing for a layout worth up to $2,500. All lensmen of models appearing in *Beaver Hunt* or *RCG* are entitled to a one-year subscription to HUSTLER. Fill out the form below and provide requisite documentation. We hope to see you here soon.

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Please Print

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Name to be published | Date images were produced (month/date/year)

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Telephone (include area code) | Personal e-mail address

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Real College Girls applicants: check box below.

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Hobbies/personal interests/sexual fantasies (list on separate sheet of paper)

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TRUTH OR BARE

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

As kids, many of us played Truth or Dare. We hate to speak ill of our childhood pastime, but the truth is that the game is only fun for adults if hot girls and a strong likelihood of fornication are involved. We dare you to disagree.

As evidence, witness the tale of bookworm Vanessa (**Vanessa Cage**). An innocent game of Truth or Dare spirals out of control, and the next thing she knows, the honor student is blowing her college dean (**Otto Bauer**).

When presented with the options of truth on the one hand or dare on the other, Sierra (**Sierra Day**) chooses the latter. Her friends command her to fuck the school's head jock, Alex (**Alex Gonz**). It doesn't take much peer pressure for Sierra to screw his meager brains out on the locker room floor.

In another instance of a game gone wrong (or perhaps gone wonderfully right), Bella (**Bella Luciano**) is dared by her friends to engage in public sex. The never-bashful Bella easily persuades her boyfriend Ryan (**Ryan Driller**) to fuck like maniacs while the coed's pals watch the action online.

TAIL FROM THE DARKSIDE

OCTOBER 1988

HUSTLER CLASSIC

SEVERE SARA

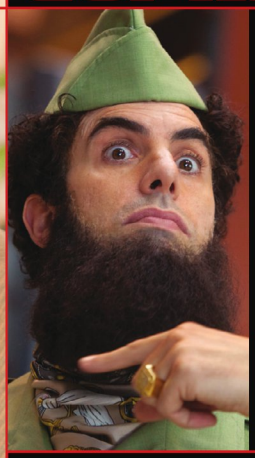
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

Sara isn't mean; she just likes her point understood. Like the fact that she can make any man salivate at the sight of her magnificently built body bursting out of a black one-piece; and that she has the tightest, juiciest buns ever ground into a crotch; and that her huge, firm breasts—with perfect areolas—make for the best tit-fucking chest your cock will ever ram.

The February '13 issue goes on sale October 30, 2012. Visit our Web site at HustlerMagazine.com.

STACEY RAE

COMING NEXT



HOLY WADIYA! "THE DICTATOR" SPEAKS TO HUSTLER!

Entertainment reporter Keith Valcourt has delivered a major scoop: an exclusive interview with Admiral General Aladeen, Sacha Baron Cohen's character in *The Dictator*. For those who haven't seen the hilarious flick, Aladeen is the "ruthless protector of the precious and expendable people of Wadiya," an oil-rich North African nation that promotes tourism and terrorism. As his movie rolls out on DVD and Blu-ray, the tyrant talks about his beard, camel, virginity-tested bodyguards and dusting Ryan Seacrest with the ashes of a North Korean despot on Oscar night's red carpet.

GIRLVERT! ASHLEY BLUE RELIVES HER ASS-TO-MOUTH INITIATION

Oriana Small's hit book *Girlvert: A Porno Memoir* chronicles her cum-covered career as Ashley Blue during XXX cinema's gonzo age. "What I've written is better than fiction," asserts the notoriously extreme doyenne who garnered *AVN*'s 2004 Female Performer of the Year. "It's the reality behind every fantasy about the girl-next-door getting into porn." You'll get a taste of Small's literary and sexual savvy as the star of the acclaimed *Girlvert* series recounts being relentlessly butt-fucked by two well-hung studs, then enduring for the first time a ritual known as ass to mouth.

XXX DREAMGIRL JESSE JANE STUFFS HER FACE

"My motto is try anything once," says Jesse Jane, whose words to live by aren't restricted to her on- and offscreen sexual endeavors. As journalist M. Allen Nathan witnesses at L.A.'s bustling Farmers Market, the Digital Playground jewel loves stuffing her mouth with foods from exotic lands. But Jesse's knack for making gluttony look sexy is just the appetizer in a "Day in the Life" feature filled with surprises—as a teen, she was encouraged to become a TV weather girl—and photos that testify to the beauty's carnal appetite.

OUR 1ST GIRL OF INSTAGRAM

Mouthwatering Rosa Delgado is an aficionada of oral sex, tattoos and social networking's latest craze—Instagram. The Washington state denizen is also a die-hard exhibitionist, but posting nude photos is an Instagram taboo. Hey, that's nothing to worry about because Rosa will be sharing with HUSTLER readers a bevy of red-hot pics showing the whole enchilada. With seven feature layouts to boot, there'll be naked babes galore, starting with Stacey Rae, a basketball and travel buff from Oregon. Also on tap are brainy beauty Natalie Nice from Kansas, Rikki Six—a submissive sexpot from Southern California—and Massachusetts role-playing fan Romi Rain. Yes, you'll be instantly turned on.